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CHINA

READING THE TEA LEAVES
SYLVIA E. CRANE

THE STATE OF THE CHURCH
ROBERT L. JOHNSTON

WILFRID SHEED
on JAMES BALDWIN

FRANK GETLEIN
on PROFESSOR KISSINGER

JIM CASTELLI
on CLERICS IN POLTICS

PETER STEINFELS
on THE KNOWLEDGE INDUSTRY

ALSO: THOMAS POWERS, COLIN L. [illegible] JR., JAROSLAV PELIKAN DAVID P[illegible] RONALI[illegible] McCAU[illegible] JOHN L.[illegible]

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NEWS & VIEWS

No Insight

The Catholic Press Association has refused membership to *Insight*, a quarterly of gay Catholic opinion.

CPA president James Doyle informed the journal's editors that "based on their examination of the two issues [accompanying application], board members felt that *Insight* presents a position that contravenes Church teaching." The CPA, Doyle added, "clearly identifies itself with Church teaching."

Knowing the CPA, the decision isn't exactly surprising, but, lord, the logic! Where, for instance, does it leave Catholic publications with editorial policies that contravene Church teaching on birth control, divorce, second marriages, etc.? On the basis of the wording in the *Insight* decision, they, we, could be purged tomorrow from the CPA.

How, indeed, would *Commonweal* stand up under scrutiny? One of two *Insight* articles singled out for criticism by CPA board members in the making of their decision was by Peter Fink, S.J. It appeared here originally under the title "Homosexuality: A Pastoral Hypothesis." [4/6/73]

I called CPA headquarters.

"No problem," said Doyle. Opinion and news journals can run their occasional unorthodox article, it appears. "The board had in mind the general tenor of *Insight*."

According to Doyle, "Our board of directors felt that the intent of articles in the two *Insight* issues published was clearly to advance the editorial viewpoint that homosexuality is an acceptable alternate moral mode of sexual life, which should be approved by reasonable people and by the Church itself."

Insight managing editor Gabriel Lanci responded, "We're not promoting anything. We're trying to inform."

Is the issue settled?

Doubtful. The decision against [*Insight*] membership recorded the will of "a majority of the board." The decision, therefore, was not unanimous? "That's correct," said Doyle. But he declined to say what the vote was.

Insight will be back.

America in Eclipse

Commonweal alumnus William Pfaff is back in *The New Yorker* with a somber article from Paris on the erosion of belief in America as a powerful redemptive force.

Over the last decade, he writes [June 6], the U.S. has seemed to European nations "an example of unsolved problems at least as often as we have seemed a great laboratory issuing definitive solutions to the world's shared problems."

These days, he continues, Europeans "look to Britain or Denmark to know about the laboratory results—good or bad—of great social-democratic experiments, or to Germany or Sweden to learn about co-determination in the factories and new ways to organize industrial work, or to France to see how an efficient modern technocracy can be developed in an old society."

In Pfaff's opinion, it's not a mistaken outlook.

"The view of us as optimism justified, possibility, redemption—so profoundly felt by the European intelligentsia in the 1940s and 1950s, and by wearied and wounded ordinary men as well—is no longer tenable. Everyone knows this except Americans. And we now suspect it, even while trying to prove it untrue. It is frightening knowledge, hardly utterable, opening to us a strange future."

No Parking, Please

New York isn't the only city moaning about immunity privileges claimed by drivers of diplomatic-corps automobiles. London's laboring under the same regulations-be-damned problem. Last year it issued 93,000 parking tickets to foreign diplomats, up from 32,000 in 1972.

Fourteen embassies belong in what *The Economist* calls "The 2,000-Plus Club." These include France, Pakistan, Kuwait, Indonesia, Cuba, Bulgaria, Iran, Ghana.

"Some embassies are coming on nicely," says *The Economist*, with bare sarcasm: Poland, up from 548 in 1972 to 3,148 last year; Egypt, up from 1,318 to 4,923. Way out front remains Nigeria, with 6,450 parking tickets canceled on grounds of diplomatic immunity in 1976. Back home in Lagos, traffic offenders are liable to be beaten in the streets.

The U.S. did not make *The Economist*'s 2,000-Plus Club, which would seem to indicate that, along with "most western industrialized countries," its diplomats were "reasonably conscientious parkers or payers of fines."

Do any nations forgo privileges? In London, only four: Cambodia, Madagascar, Rwanda and Vietnam.

A Neat Touch

And a tip of the hat to *Monastery Seasons*, the newsletter from New Melleray Abbey in Dubuque, Iowa, for its tip of the cowl to a pious monk. This from the current issue:

"On Sept. 23, Fr. Pius Hanley, proprietor of the monastery Gift Shop for 44 years, quietly observed the 50th anniversary of his entrance to New Melleray. Born Mickey Hanley in A.D. 1908 at Fethard, County Tipperary, Ireland, Fr. Pius came to the U.S. and joined the monastery in generous response to a call for volunteers.

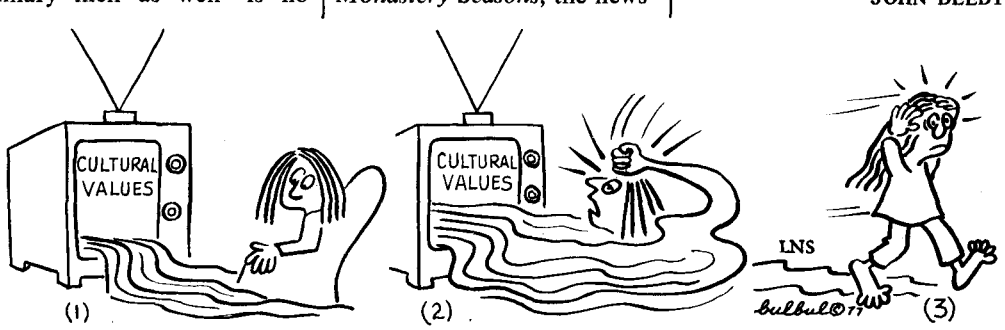
"His first heart-warming experience of America was an omen of the joys our heavenly Father had in store for him. When he disembarked from the boat on a hot summer's day in New York in 1926, a sharp-witted cold-drink vendor charged the green youth $20 for a bottle of pop. This was his entire worldly fortune and food money for the three-day trip out to the Iowa wilderness. However, Fr. Pius survived and was later put in charge of the abbey Gift Shop where he put his experience to good use.

"May this humble monk enjoy another fifty years of pious service to New Melleray. And God help that New York pop vendor if he should ever set foot in the Gift Shop."

Odds and Ends

—Hey, We're Gettin' There Department: If the Vatican approves a proposed rule change, married women wishing to join the Third Order of St. Francis (Secular) will no longer need the permission of their husbands.

JOHN DEEDY



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CORRESPONDENCE

Previous Opinions

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: I am puzzled by a reference in Joseph Cunneen's otherwise excellent review of a book by Rev. Andrew Greeley [May 13]. Mr. Cunneen has me crying out, "You and your damned facts!" I do not recall any such incident. I've never encountered Father Greeley. I have discussed him in my writings but always from a point of view the opposite to that suggested by your estimable reviewer.

Father Greeley has no facts. His Opinion Research entity deals in opinion. Opinion is opinion no matter what you do with it. You may mill it, grind it, stuff it, polish it, even filter it, and it remains opinion, subjectively.

After Father Greeley and his company examine an issue and take their polls and samples, they end up where they started, all previous opinions miraculously confirmed.

I don't know what naive Monsignor did cry out at Father G. Hate to spoil a good story but it was not

Yours truly (in Christ),

(MSGR.) CHARLES OWEN RICE

French-Quebec

Sydney, Cape Breton, N.S.

To the Editors: Jordan Bishop's article on the French fact in Canada [May 13], though a brief treatment of a complex situation, contains a number of sensitive insights into current Canadian concerns. Most comments about Canada's regional nature stop far short of his forthright and well-founded assertion that "in many ways Canada is not a nation," and that it cannot be assimilated simply to the nation-state formula.

There is one often neglected factor that might help to explain existing unrest and confusion. A large part of the English-speaking three-fourths of the population feels unrepresented, even be-

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MIDDLE EASTERN PROSPECTS

The dust of the Israeli elections has had a chance to settle, but the view now is not much better than it was in the first place. It is not so much that Menahem Begin's Likud party won a great victory—indeed, the Likud gained only a few seats over its total in the last election. It was Labor that lost, hugely, forfeiting 21 seats. But if the results can not be called a famous Likud victory, the fact remains that it is Likud's Begin who will almost certainly form the next government, and there's the problem. At a time when Arab leaders seemed finally to be moving toward some kind of moderation in their approach to Israel and when even the PLO was beginning to sound halfway reasonable on occasion, an intransigent regime in Israel headed by a famous former guerrilla leader is the last thing anyone needs. It should be said that the election was not fought on foreign policy issues; inflation, constant strikes, impossible taxes and personal corruption combined to oust Labor after 29 years. But the result has been a victory for a right-wing political leader who insists that the Arab lands taken in the 1967 war are not occupied but liberated. If the correspondents in the Middle East are correct, the Israeli voters were stunned the day after the election at what they had done, and no wonder. But the matter will not be easily changed, and for now all concerned must live with the electoral verdict as best they can.

U.S. officials tried to put as good a face on things as possible, but others did not share their wait-and-see attitude. UN Secretary General Kurt Waldheim said immediately that the electoral victory for the right

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wing would probably preclude any Middle East peace parley this year. And if there is no progress in negotiations, he said, "I would not exclude another military confrontation." Equally significant was the Arab reaction. Arab leaders like to pretend that there is no difference between Israeli leaders, that the distinction between hawk and dove in Israel is meaningless, but the victory of Mr. Begin obviously shook them, with Arab countries and the PLO alike calling the election results a serious setback to efforts for a Middle East settlement. Since the Likud resolutely bars any negotiations over the West Bank or the Gaza strip or indeed any consideration of a Palestinian homeland, this response is hardly surprising. Said Jordan's King Hussein: "Likud's position on borders is very menacing. If Begin persists in saying the West Bank is Israeli-liberated territory and not to be evacuated, we wonder what he considers as the complete map of Israel. What is the Israeli vision of the shape and size of Israel?" As for the PLO, their position is simply that former Irgun leader "Begin is a terrorist and should face trial as a war criminal."

What now can be the attitude of the United States toward the hawkish new Israeli administration? To the Likud, the captured areas are rightfully in Israel's domain because they are part of the biblical Jewish homeland. The danger is that Mr. Begin and Likud will maintain this rigid stance, insisting that the conquered territories are part of Israel, perhaps even formally annexing them and denying full civil and political rights to the Arab inhabitants. Such a course would make impossible any solution to the Palestinian problem, which is precisely what Arab leaders see as the core of the Middle East problem. The difficulties here for United States foreign policy are obvious, and the stakes are high.

The only hope on the horizon lies in the transformation that sometimes takes place when a strident oppositionist finds himself the leader of the government. Willy nilly, Mr. Begin may have to strike a more moderate note once he bears the responsibility of the Prime Minister's office. Then too the need to fashion a coalition broad enough to support a government may force him to temper his views to some extent. On this we can only wait and hope. Meanwhile, friends of Israel, both those inside and outside of Congress, can use their good offices: they should urge on the new Israeli regime a policy of moderation and flexibility in an effort to head off a potential disaster. It is a terrible thing to have to say, but it seems clear that the chances of war in the Middle East are much greater now than they were just a few short weeks ago.

WASHINGTON REPORT

PROFESSOR KISSINGER

Was Henry Kissinger entitled to an endowed chair in History at Columbia University? Were protests against his pulling up that chair and sitting in it infringements of his freedom of speech or of the academic freedom of top university management to seek a sock-o fund-raising attraction? As soon as you phrase the question that way—in accordance, that is, with the situation as it actually existed—you begin to get a new light and in that light to see that the whole affair had nothing at all to do with the academic freedom of anyone.

Academic freedom has to do with the three areas of scholarly activity: research, publication and teaching. None of the three was remotely involved in the proposals or prospects for Henry Kissinger at Columbia.

What was proposed was never that Kissinger should occupy an existing scholarly post at Columbia and in it conduct either historical research or the supervision of the research of apprentice historians. Indeed, in view of the existing show biz engagements of the showman, it's hard to see how anyone could have imagined he could have fit in any academic work of any kind at all. What was proposed was that Kissinger's ancient benefactors and sponsors, the Rockefellers, should endow a new, special chair at Columbia to be occupied by the great Nixonian whenever he happened to be on the upper West Side and feeling like sitting down. This would have cost the university nothing—or at least nothing that the accountants commonly in charge of academic enterprise could find for the debit side. The university got, first of all, the endowment of the chair itself, which presumably, once the Mad Bomber was called to other business in this world or the next, would have reverted to Columbia free and clear, with the Rockefellers no longer entitled to name the occupant, the university able to appoint a genuine scholar to a previously non-existent benefice. Besides the future benefaction of the chair and its endowment, the university would have the immediate advantage of Henry as an attraction to big givers. If he would think not, neither would he lecture, at least Kissinger would probably have been available for the occasional private meeting or intimate party for heavy donors just on the edge of signing the final codicil. The impressing of rich people impressed by celebs is no small service to the modern university.

It was also no small service the university was repay-

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ing its benefactors and their dependent in setting up the chair for Henry, even though it was a service without cost in cost accounting. What the institution was doing was providing the re-legitimation of Henry Kissinger and hence of his sponsors, the Big Rocks. Kissinger's remote past provided at least some vague justification for the chair and the rest. Before he became the nation's leading bomber and bugger, he had been a scholar. It wasn't, after all, like making Walter Annenberg co-director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—or ambassador to Britain, for that matter—on the basis of his success as a second-generation race-track tout.

But Kissinger had de-legitimated himself as an academician by becoming a prime Nixonian. The question here never was that of disagreement with Kissinger's views on foreign policy, or domestic policy, for that matter: if universities started disqualifying officials on the grounds of being soft on Nixon, they'd soon run out of trustees. The question has been rather whether K. has completely disqualified himself as a member of the community of scholars by his conduct in office. Were members of Columbia's history department being paranoid or properly prudent if they feared that once Henry got in, they'd all be bugged—and at home as well as in the office? On the record, properly prudent. He does have his penchant for listening to other people's conversations. He also has a penchant for bombing people, but whereas effective bombing programs are hard to come by for a private citizen, even a celebrity as celebrated as Kissinger, bugging systems of exquisite sophistication are readily, universally, available in New York. They are expensive, but can we believe that the hand that fed Kissinger so long and was extended to Columbia on his behalf, would stint the paragon's needs for mini-mikes, wiring and wireless, the tape machine in the basement and a squad of ex-FBI agents on station? Not likely. The history faculty's fears were justified. Besides that, of course, there is about as much hope of Kissinger actually telling the truth about the field in which he is most expert as there is of Kissinger's own prodigy—fleas have fleas—Al Haig telling the inside story of how he rose from battalion commander to Captain-General of the Free World with no military experience at all between those two ranks.

If it is obvious why Kissinger needed to be washed in the blood of a legitimate university, it is less so why the Rockefellers approached the font with him. Ever since the Old Man made it big by stealing the pennies off dead men's eyes, the children and the children's children, yea, unto the present generation, have been legitimating away at a good clip in public service, benefactors of all kinds and giving borrowers a friend at Chase Manhattan. The Rocks actually have their own university, in a much classier part of town than Columbia's and unencumbered by all those raucous students and politically alert faculty. Why couldn't they have simply set up the Henry Kissinger Chair in Universal Wisdom over at Rock U., with a view of the East River and handy to Sutton Place soirées?

Probably because Rock U. really is legit, in some ways the closest approach we have to the university as a community of scholars in pursuit of truth and the advancement of learning. Since most Americans have never heard of Rockefeller University—no football, baseball, basketball, or students—if the Chair were announced, most Americans, taught to be cynics by the Old Man, among others, would automatically conclude that the university itself had been created solely as one more lagniappe for Henry: the whole legitimation of the Rocks would be in danger. Clearly, Columbia was called for.

But why, after the hospitals, after the schools, after the grants, after all this and so much more, why do the Rocks need to be made legitimate? They don't. One of them does. Rocky. After a false start as the avenging angel against Rivera's murals in Rock Center, Rocky came back strong as the biggest eater of ethnic foods in the history of New York State, was a real Pop hero, fella, seemed an eventual shoo-in for the top spot and then, somehow, blew it all, got outclassed by the loathsome Nixon, ended up as the toady of Nixon's toady, Ford. Worse: got canned by Ford. It was as if, say, David Garrick had been hired by Bottom the Weaver for a bit part in these theatricals they were putting on for the Duke and after a rehearsal or two told, sorry, pal, you're just not in this league, whyncha go back an' warm up a bit in "Springtime for Henry"? "Springtime for Henry"? Of course.

Well, it's all ended happily at Georgetown, where Kissinger will have his coveted academic rank at a university of at least some national standing. The Rockefellers are keeping their money, although Georgetown will be crazy not to put on the touch for some calculable fraction of the Columbia offer: O.K., it's not Columbia, but it's not Whittier College, either: if not a chair, how about a stool? A cushion?

The *New York Times* reported with a straight face that "Washington Ties Led Kissinger to Pick Georgetown," but the appointment is more suitable than the Columbia one in several ways. For one thing, Kissinger is not being classed by his new employer as an historian. The title is University Professor of Diplomacy, the affiliation is to the university's School of Foreign Service, a kind of trade school. If Kissinger's record of duplicity and destruction as Secretary of State has disqualified him as an historian—the underlying assumption of the Columbia protests—that same record has made him preeminently qualified to teach that particular trade. If the foreign servant aspirants at Georgetown find themselves being bugged, that is merely valuable career training for a future in a State Department shaped by Kissinger.

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Finally, of course, if Henry Kissinger actually does lecture, as it is announced that he will, in those surroundings those performances will revive an ancient, useful and now almost forgotten meaning of the word "Jesuitical."

FRANK GETLEIN

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FROM BRITAIN

A PASTORAL STRATEGY

In 1971 a "working party" was set up by the Catholic bishops in England and Wales and by the National Conference of Priests, to "study the question of a pastoral strategy for the Church" in this country. This was in itself a fairly remarkable event. Admittedly, the group, was almost (not entirely) clerical in composition: but at any rate it was given the task of doing some free-wheeling reflection, with no holds barred, on the state of the Church in Britain and what should be done about it for the long-term future. True, one particular crisis, of a foreseeable kind, may have sparked it off, namely the decline in vocations to the priesthood and religious orders. But the real crisis was: why this "shortage"? Was the answer not to be sought in changes in outlook on the part of the younger, post-war, post-Vatican II, post-Christian generation? If so, what sort of church do we need to cope with the world as we are likely to find it in (say) 2000 A.D.? What strategy do we need to adopt *now* to create such a church?

The creation of the working-party, then, was an exercise in "participation." But it was not designed to produce a blueprint, or any kind of dogmatic solution, thought out in the abstract from the top downwards and then imposed universally. On the contrary, it was an attempt to encourage the free expression of ideas and views by everyone interested, in the hope that some good and fruitful suggestions might turn up. The working party produced a report, in 1974, called "The Church 2000." This was a "kite-flying" exercise: that is to say, a preliminary stating of tentative suggestions and conclusions, inviting widespread comment from all and sundry. Predictably, reactions were mixed. Some thought it too tame and unadventurous; others said it was a sell-out to the evil tendencies of the modern world. Others again, just thought it, like the curate's egg, to be good in parts.

The working party has now just published its final report. This is a pamphlet of about 50 pages, based on the original ideas but revised in the light of the many criticisms and suggestions made in the intervening period. It is a very interesting and thought-provoking document. What it is hoped will now happen is that the results of this whole exercise, including reactions and comments on the latest, and final series of recommendations, will be collated and presented to a large conference in early 1978, which will have the power to take decisions and initiate some of the action requested by the working-party.

The first interesting thing about the report is its deliberately provocative title: "A Time for Building." In a period of economic and indeed general recession, it is good to see somebody suggesting building new things, and not just hanging on to what has not yet been destroyed. Of course, it could be cynically said that all the report asks for is the ecclesiastical equivalent of Mr. Callaghan's big drive for productivity through better use and investment of resources: a sort of updating of the capitalist Church. But there is no real need to see it this way, even though the introductory section, which describes the world in which we live (the "General Ethos of Society"), reads much like a set of Sunday-newspaper clichés. True, there's not much searching analysis of fundamental causes here: yet perhaps that is a strength of a sort, in that the report is patient of genuine analysis, without pretending to being more than a superficial survey of the territory.

When we get further into the Report, we find more important things being said, and some quite radical suggestions being seriously put forward. The first recommendation of basic importance is for a critical study of the myriad organizations in the Church in the light of present-day needs. Of course, in the absence of any consensus about what these needs are, it might seem (to a more logical mentality than that of the English, even the Roman Catholic English) that this suggestion is merely a recipe for fruitless bickering: and the Report certainly does not say how it thinks such a critical study should, or could, be made, or by whom. Yet all is not necessarily lost: it is quite possible that some sort of reasonably acceptable formula may emerge for producing a study that would gain wide (if far from universal) acceptance, and thus result in the possibility of a genuine strategy for change.

In any case, later in the Report, the working-party does say something about present-day needs which would presumably be the basis for such a strategy. This is the idea that the Church of the future will consist, not of territorial "parishes," which exist (in theory) to include, and cater for the needs and activities of, everyone in their boundaries; but of what it calls, somewhat mysteriously, "basic Christian communities," and within these, "small groups" dedicated to working, as Christians,

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in some shared activity or task. The "small groups," of course, already exist in many places, as branches of various Catholic organizations, family groups, prayer groups, professional groups etc. But what is here being suggested is that members of such a group, or groups, should be envisaged as the *normal* and *ordinary* way in which any person who is a Catholic will express his faith. While making allowances for the "loner," the Report makes it clear that encouraging people to be members of groups, rather than of parishes is what the pastoral mission of the Church is all about.

Obviously this "activist" image of the Church, with its possible implication of social do-goodery and heartiness, is a dangerous one: and the dangers must be recognized and met. Yet surely it is fundamentally correct to see the Church of the future as existing in a sort of diaspora, and not as a Christian icing spread over the whole social cake. In this sense, I think the working party Report is on the right lines. Indeed, given the foreseeable breakdown both of parish and school structures under the double burdens of financial inflation and priest-shortages, it is pretty well inevitable. But what matters is how such a new pattern of Christian living, such an "alternative church" (for that is what it really is), can be brought into being.

Here the second major recommendation is crucial: namely for a major shift of priorities towards a relevant sort of adult education program designed to form those who might "animate" and help create such groups. Such a shift of priorities (especially remembering the financial implications) will be very hard to achieve, despite the obvious fact that such a program will be far cheaper to run and organize than the massive investment in buildings and plant implied in the attempt to provide a place for every Catholic child in a Catholic school (an attempt long ago doomed to failure, and indeed abandoned in practice, though still vaguely left as an ideal in social theory). Yet without this first move, the strategy can hardly begin to work. Probably it will have to begin in a small way, in a few places where a bishop and a few far-sighted others can get together and do some experimental work, and make the mistakes that others can learn from.

The concept of a "basic Christian community," also mentioned in the Report, is a rather more elusive one. This part of the document needs a lot of clarification. Although a "basic Christian community" will have most of the functions of the present "parish" ("regular worship; ministry of the word; education; social service; mission to the world") it is not a parish. (The latter apparently will subside into being just a place for ritualizing births, marriages and deaths.) I don't personally understand this part of the Report's ideas: but perhaps there is a lot behind the concept which there is no room to spell out.

If there is a criticism to be made of the Report as a whole, it is that it takes too easily the proposition that the Church must identify with, and work within, the "world" as described in the Introduction. I think I understand why this is so: but I think the reasoning is mistaken. In a summary, published earlier, of reactions to the working party's initial report, it became clear that the only concerted opposition to the new post-Vatican II spirit of cooperation with the modern world, which that report expressed, came from "the extreme right": to put it bluntly, from the sympathizers with pre-Vatican II sensibilities, from the Latin-Mass-enthusiasts and Lefebvre-type conservatives. A "left-wing" Catholic radicalism, which rejects the modern world, not out of nostalgia for a lost spiritual "law and order" authoritarianism, but out of a principled rejection of the general ethos of capitalism, seems hardly to have impinged on the working-party. No doubt, this is a measure of the disarray and ineffectuality of those who take such a stance: but the fact—if it be a fact—is surely bordering on the tragic. The important thing is that this time, in the wake of the final Report, and with the prospect of decisions being taken which will affect the Church for a generation or two at least, the people who represent such a position must make themselves heard.

BRIAN WICKER

(Brian Wicker is Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Great Britain.)*

THOMAS REITER

SNAPSHOT OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

Bolts thick as your wrist
are rusted fast in the fashionable air.
In a pillbox notch an hour's climb
above cabanas' rainbow
jeeps, the socket of a coastal gun
focuses concentric tiers
on zero, where
an iguana calmly chews
a cactus' spines and fleshy pads.
The light is perfect you catch him in. Nearby,
a cave Pearl Harbor crammed with ammo
because the war blew elsewhere
is splayed with termite tunnels.
Flashbulbs fume and blister;
later, they tick in your jacket in the wind
at the emplacement's rim. The iguana's gone
or hidden at the bottom, where
cement's the deadpan color
of a bridge abutment,
and the earth forces through every flaw
a cactus like a stop-action shot
of a green geyser.

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A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

PETER STEINFELS

Warning: This Column Emanates from the Knowledge Industry. The Surgeon General Has Determined That Reading It May Be Dangerous to Your Moral Health.

Not long ago it seemed that some popular writers would have had such cautions stamped at the beginning of exercises like this one. The "knowledge industry" was becoming the newest bugaboo of the conservative mentality. A column last August in the *Washington Star* claimed that "over 35 percent of the GNP is now supplied by the knowledge industry: federal and local government workers, researchers, lawyers, planners, consultants, educators, information systems operatives, journalists, social workers and others." The author went on to insist that the political leaders of this social force are "secular Know-Everythings." They are "affluent professionals, secular in their values and tastes and initiatives, indifferent to or hostile to the family." They are "caught up in cycles of state engineering, tremendous welfare corruption in every field and private decadence," all in marked contrast to the beliefs of "most Americans"—"the traditional values of honesty, decency, hard work, competitive advancement, religious faith, compassion for the suffering, and social cooperation." The Know-Everythings, in short, are carriers of "cultural nihilism."

The author of this outburst happened to be Michael Novak. It could have been Kevin Phillips or Irving Kristol or Patrick J. Buchanan or, in a slightly more refined manner, Robert Nisbet, Hilton Kramer, or Daniel Moynihan. I use Novak's column as an example only because it is handy—he evidently thought enough of it to reprint it in his "ethnic millions" newsletter.

Since August, the election of Jimmy Carter has cooled and confused the "knowledge industry" has receded our domestic cultural conflicts, and somewhat as the object of conservative criticism, a condition which is probably temporary. In fact, we badly need some sensible perspective on the "knowledge industry" and the related notion of an expanding technical-professional "new class." Meanwhile, accusations like Novak's are as exaggerated and groundless as anything since the days when McCarthyists saw a godless, knife-between-the-teeth Bolshevik in anyone expressing a fond hope for UNICEF.

Is there a knowledge industry? Of course there is, and it has grown considerably more powerful in recent decades. To give but one telling statistic, in the half century between 1920 and 1972 the number of faculty members in American colleges and universities increased from 48,000 to over 600,000, with a quarter of that growth occurring in a mere five years between 1965 and 1970. Those were also the same decades when radio, movies and, above all, television grew to play such an important role in American life.

But Novak's figure of 35 percent of GNP is a stage statistic, one of those props that gets repeatedly dragged out though no one knows quite where it came from or what it means. As far as I can tell, it is an updating of the conclusion reached by Fritz Machlup in his pioneering work on *The Production and Distribution of Knowledge in the United States* (Princeton University Press, 1962). Machlup estimated that "total knowledge production in 1958 was almost 29 percent of adjusted GNP."

But Machlup is an economist, using economic categories and not the political ones that most critics of the knowledge industry have in mind. Machlup, for example, includes education as part of the knowledge industry—who wouldn't? Except that his economist's definition of education encompasses Sunday Schools and basic training in the Marines as well as grade schools, colleges and universities. Greeting cards, stationery, and carbon paper for the office are equally part of Machlup's knowledge industry. So is the production of "instruments of knowledge" like typewriters, thermometers and bathroom scales. So is the postal service and the telephone system. So are spectator sports like Novak's beloved pro football. (Is Fran Tarkington in the tow of the Know-Everythings—along with your postman?) Machlup's calculation of the percentage of GNP attributable to the knowledge industry even includes all the money spent on conventions—yes, on drinks, too—whether of the American Association of University Professors, the Baptist Youth Fellowship, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Banking Association, or the Camp Fire Girls.

Any calm examination of these figures makes the emergence of the knowledge industry a good deal less formidable than the 35 percent of GNP that Novak asserts so knowingly, or the "30 to 40 percent" that Kevin Phillips prefers. One of the sectors of the knowledge industry, for example, that has expanded dramatically in recent years (thanks to government subsidy) is medicine, a bulwark of what passes for traditionalism. The affluent professionals in this field can be held accountable for numerous failings, not excluding self-aggrandizement and arrogance; but they hardly fit Novak's description of decadent, anti-family Know-Everythings, at odds with the American public.

Yet even if one ventures into what

(Continued on page 415)

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READING CHINESE TEA LEAVES

SYLVIA E. CRANE

Are the 'Gang of Four' capitalist roaders?

Reading the Chinese tea leaves has become a favorite American pastime since the death of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. There is much to study at the bottom of the cup, chief among them the appointment of China's UN delegate, Huang Hua as Foreign Minister to succeed Chiao Kuan-hua. This change is one of many involved in the dismissal of the now notorious "Gang of Four." What do these changes portend in foreign policy as well as domestically? Why was Huang Hua appointed to succeed Chiao Kuan-hua as Foreign Minister when both men were close associates of both Mao and the late Prime Minister, Chou En-lai? One reason is that Chiao is said to have enjoyed friendships with the Shanghai "Gang of Four," which includes Mao's widow, Chiang Ch'ing, who is the butt of attack by the new moderate leadership.

In the late '30s, Chiang Ch'ing arrived in Yenan from Shanghai where she had been a movie starlet. She promptly curried Mao's favor, sitting at his feet as a devout student of his revolutionary thought. She was generally disliked, but Mao was lonely. His second wife, the mother of his three sons, had been captured and tortured during the war and eventually executed by warlord forces. In 1940, Mao divorced a third wife whose health was impaired by the rigors of the Long March. Mao postponed his fourth marriage to Chiang Ch'ing until after she became pregnant, because his colleagues strongly disapproved. During the Cultural Revolution, Chiang Ch'ing misused her position as wife of the Chairman and imposed strict censorship of all artistic productions, transforming traditional opera, dance and theater into revolutionary vehicles. Even as late as 1975, at the National People's Congress, she was denied the votes needed to become Minister of Culture, a prize she coveted.

The stocky, greying Foreign Minister, Huang Hua, is an old Chinese revolutionary, a younger colleague of the founding fathers. He was abroad for years, automatically avoiding entanglement with internal factions. He was educated at Yenching University in Peking in the mid-30's where he met Edgar Snow and acted as his interpreter in gathering material for *Red Star Over China*. A life-long friendship ensued. In early February, 1972, as Edgar Snow lay dying of cancer in his home near Geneva, Switzerland, Huang Hua stopped for a few days' visit on his way to New York from Africa. He was preceded by a team of doctors, acupuncturists and nurses who had been dispatched by Chairman Mao to ease his friend's mortal pain. The reunion was touching. Huang was returning at the time to his post at the United Nations as chief delegate of the Chinese People's Republic, which he assumed in the autumn of 1971 when the Nationalists of Taiwan were ousted.

Huang and his wife, Ho Li-liang, a highly educated fellow revolutionary, founded the UN mission and hosted numerous parties, especially notable being the celebrations of Chinese "liberation day" which became a popular event in New York. Otherwise, Huang concentrated his social life tactfully within a small circle of

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American China hands whom he had met when they lived and worked in China.

He came to the UN from a diplomatic post at Ottawa, where he was China's Ambassador. From this vantage point, he also performed liaison services for Americans desiring visas to visit China. He had entered diplomatic work directly after the Communist accession to power. For three years beginning in 1950, Huang headed foreign affairs in Shanghai. He was sent as China's chief negotiator at the peace talks at Panmunjom in 1953, moving to Geneva the next year, where the terms concluding the Korean War were signed. He directed his country's Foreign Ministry Departments for Western Europe and Africa for several years before going abroad again in 1960 as Ambassador to Ghana. He made valuable contacts throughout West Africa, established embassies in Tanzania, Zambia, and elsewhere, and culminated his African career as Ambassador to Cairo. He returned home after a decade's absence to find the Cultural Revolution in full sway, and devoted a year's time orienting himself to it before embarking on his next stint abroad, which brought him to the American continent.

Huang's credentials for heading the Foreign Ministry are manifest. On the personal level, his confidential relationship with both Mao and Chou, on a par also with

THE CHURCH IN CHINA

ROBERT L. JOHNSTON

Vatican Radio recently announced that beginning Jan. 1, 1977, it would increase Chinese-language broadcasts aimed at the People's Republic of China, Taiwan and other Chinese-speaking peoples, but there is no indications of a warming trend in the cool atmosphere that surrounds the question of possible diplomatic—or any other—rapprochement between the Holy See and the Communist giant of Asia.

The Vatican yearbook still lists three archbishops and 17 bishops in mainland China, but *L'Osservatore Romano,* the Vatican daily newspaper, only last year estimated that no more than a dozen Catholic prelates are still alive in mainland China and the indication was that none is visibly active in an episcopal role. Several are known to be in prison and several others have "retired."

The last "official" communication to Rome from a Catholic ecclesiastic in China was a letter from Father Dominic Chen, O.F.M., Apostolic Administrator of Suihsien, Hupeh province. That was in 1958 and it came following the election of Pope John XXIII to the papacy. It was a pledge of fealty to the new pontiff.

Three years earlier, Pope Pius XII appointed a bishop for the diocese of Yutze, a Franciscan named Father Anthony H. Yang Kuang C'hi, but it is not known for certain if he was ever officially ordained to the episcopacy. Listed in the Vatican yearbook as "imprisoned for the faith," he is the last bishop known to be named for the China mainland.

A quick perusal of the yearbook's listing of residential Sees in China (over 125) results largely in a confrontation with blank spaces where the names of bishops should be and more blank spaces where the statistics of the diocese belong.

The only visible presence of the Roman Catholic Church in mainland China today is one church in Peking, described as a "showcase" for Communist toleration of religion in the People's Republic. All other religious activity from that nation's rather miniscule Catholic population (some sources estimate it between 1 and 2 million) are non-existent or underground.

Only last December, one of a few priests still functioning—at the Peking church—told a U.S. news service correspondent that he loves the late Mao Tse-tung more than God because Mao "stopped our suffering" and changed the whole of China. The priest, identified as Father Fu Tin-shan, is one of about ten clergy who serve the lone Peking Catholic church and he exhibits a strange amalgam of Catholic background and Communist orientation.

While he remains celibate, celebrates the pre-Vatican II Tridentine Latin Mass, administers Holy Communion and hears confessions, he totally accepts divorce and abortion and claims that the Vatican—to which he claims allegiance—"has always been a tool of imperialism."

Father Raymond de Jaegher, a former missionary in China now working in New York, explained that the Peking church is really the old Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, maintained by the government for the convenience of diplomats and foreign visitors. He said the church is administered by lay persons, all of whom are Communists and who control the clergy. He added that all legitimate bishops in China are either "underground," in prison, or working quietly among the people.

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Hua Kuo-feng, the new Party Chairman, puts him into a position to bridge the gap between the extreme factions. Actually, he leans toward the pragmatists, as did Chou En-lai, whose widow, Teng Ying-Chao, has gained simultaneous appointment as deputy chairperson of the Standing Committee of China's National People's Congress. The Standing Committee functions as a sort of executive body that formulates legislation and decrees, and makes major state appointments in the long intervals between the infrequent congressional sessions. This elevated appointment seems to underpin the pragmatists who now control the People's Republic of China.

What is the pragmatist line? They stress economic growth as against the disruptive political campaigns of the Cultural Revolution. Technology is prized above hand labor, and educational expertise is valued beyond open university enrollment. The setbacks suffered during last summer's devastating earthquakes stimulated the need for accelerated development. These internal changes will be wrought subtly now in the name of Mao's principles, inculcated in the masses by a pervasive network of propaganda organizations. I was told by an old friend, a long-standing resident of Shanghai whom I saw again last spring, that everyone in China attends a political education meeting at least once a week. No need to change the well-learned principles, just shift

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The Belgian priest, now attached technically to the Taipeh archdiocese in Taiwan, said the Communists reopened the cathedral in 1972 after the so-called "cultural revolution" (1966-70) and continue to maintain it. All Masses are old-style because no Chinese bishops attended Vatican II or were allowed to adopt its reforms.

Prior to and during the Council in the early 1960's there were rumors of "schismatic" bishops being ordained in mainland China.

An exiled Belgian prelate, Bishop Charles Van Melchebeck, C.I.C.M., of Ningsia—now living in Singapore—claimed that these "schismatic" bishops were duped by the Communists into believing they had been appointed by the Vatican and then used to further Communist purposes. He said "forged documents" were involved and the so-called "schismatics" may never know they are not true bishops of the Roman Catholic Church.

Only last October, the Vatican Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples marked with special ceremonies the 50th anniversary of the consecration of the first six native Chinese Catholic bishops. They were consecrated personally by Pope Pius XI in St. Peter's Basilica.

Vatican Radio at the time commented that the action of Pope Pius XI in 1926 had "opened a new era in the history of Catholic missionary work in general . . . definitively orienting missionary efforts toward the creation of indigenous churches" in mission lands.

The broadcast said that by 1946—the year of the Communist takeover—the Chinese Catholic Church included 20 archdioceses and 108 dioceses, a growing band of priests, religious and laity "actively engaged in the apostolate." But, Vatican Radio added, "these hopes were abruptly dashed by the tempest of religious persecutions systematically carried out by the Communist regime that came to power shortly after the end of World War II."

Typical of the Catholic Church's situation in China today is a recent report by the Society of Jesus which said that while there are probably 120 Chinese Jesuits still alive in mainland China, the society has definite news of only three of them—all in prison. A Chinese Jesuit living in exile received a letter from his family saying that his brother, also a Jesuit, who had been sentenced to 20 years at hard labor, was granted a two-week leave from prison to visit his family. The letter said similar prison leaves had been granted two other Jesuits.

Last June, Pope Paul sent a letter to Bishop Peter Joseph Fan of Paoting, Chin-Yuan, offering congratulations on the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the episcopacy. (The Pope did not expect or receive a reply.) Reportedly sentenced to 15 years in prison in 1960, the bishop was charged with refusing to attend a conference of the Communist-sponsored Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics. He was also accused of having "excommunicated" Catholics who joined the association. The Vatican yearbook lists him as "imprisoned for the faith."

Four years ago, Cardinal Paul Yu Pin, exiled Archbishop of Nanking who is now rector of Fu Jen University in Taiwan, warned the Vatican that the People's Republic of China would not compromise its adamant anti-church and anti-religious policies "even for propaganda purposes." The Manchurian-born prelate's words could be echoed today with about the same conviction.

It is certain that the Vatican desires some sort of rapprochement with mainland China—there is probably a master plan for China somewhere in a Vatican desk drawer—but prospects for any kind of workable relations are still quite dim, expert China-watchers contend.

While other experts may argue about the advantages and disadvantages of the Vatican's policies regarding the Communist nations of Eastern Europe, observers of the China scene hold out little or no hope that such policies could even get an airing in Peking in the foreseeable future.

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the wrongdoers. Already the "Gang of Four" are dubbed derisively as "capitalist roaders," a term hitherto reserved for the former targets, Teng Shiao-ping and Liu Shiao-chi. The purge that habitually accompanies any change of political power is programmed for containment.

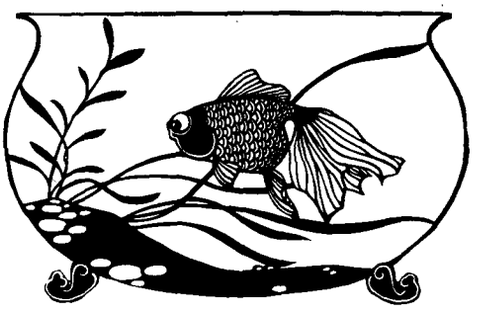
The line since Mao's death indicates the dominance of the forces of order and discipline that had outnumbered him for years on the Central Committee and had simply awaited his death to come into their own. An editorial in the *People's Daily* of Sept. 7 inveighs against the formation of rival groups and emphasizes "the need to increase production 25 times" in both agriculture and industry, whereas in the past, agriculture took precedence, relying on the abundant manual labor of the masses. Light industry was developed as handmaiden, heavy industry relegated to a back burner.

There was good reason for the order of priorities that prevailed during the decade of Cultural Revolution. I saw evidence of a dire shortage of transport wherever I went, despite the emphasis in Shanghai and elsewhere on truck manufacture. Looking out of train and bus windows during my tour there, wherever we went I saw dilapidated carts overburdened with goods pulled by men or by puny horses or donkeys. In one case, the carts were loaded with freshly quarried building stones and hauled 3 kilometers to a town where new housing was replacing squalid huts. I concluded that large industry was impossible of development on a grand scale, because the ponderous raw materials could not be carried to a central spot, nor could the finished products be distributed widely if they were bulky. On the other hand, light industrial goods, such as textiles, embroideries, radios, clocks, and transistors and the like could be easily handled.

There are numerous rivers in China for East-West traffic, but there is only one major North-South rail line. The two Soviet-designed bridges spanning the Yangtse at Nanking and Wuhan are double deckered to accommodate both vehicular and rail traffic. The two immense Chinese iron and steel works are located in the midst of iron ore deposits and coal and coke mines. The second of these that I visited at Wuhan is situated at the junction of the Yangtse and Han rivers. The Chinese have a long way to go to catch up with Western technology and achieve Chou En-lai's goal of transition by the year 2000. The new moderate leaders in China today seem geared to getting on with the job, and halting the disruptive political campaigns.

While Mao's ideology was geared to internal necessity, preaching self-reliance and organized economic decentralization, it is destined to undergo rapid domestic changes. Its foreign policy implications, on the other hand, need no revision to serve the national imperatives. Hostility to the Soviet Union is the central feature. One unnoted reason for its initiation by Mao was the persistent and resented personal attacks on him by Krushchev for his indulging in the personality cult. Mao had no taste for this propaganda style, as he explained in a conversation with Edgar Snow. Snow told me that Mao submitted to it at the start of the Cultural Revolution only in order to entice the masses to the new line over the heads of the rest of the Central Committee. He felt the survival of the revolution was at stake.

Other developments followed to round out the ideology. For example, the chief point in foreign policy is denunciation of the Soviet Union as a "social imperialist superpower," a variant of the capitalist sort. I interviewed several qualified people during my week in Peking in search of elucidation. I expected the Chinese, as self-proclaimed Leninists, to follow his definition of imperialism as the last stage of capitalism. The Chinese, however, now ignore class identification for imperialism, and substitute the new term "hegemonism," by which



they mean what Webster's dictionary defines for hegemony, to wit, "preponderant influence or authority especially of a government or state."

The theoretical analysis of this deviation from Lenin identifies the primacy of a new ruling class in the Soviet Union, namely, the bureaucracy. This powerful group controls the means of production through its tight direction of the national plan. It is a mere technicality that separates control from ownership; that ownership is not sanctioned legally. The Chinese and their ideological brethren in the West claim that the bureaucracy behaves as if it owns the works because it controls the distribution of goods produced under the State plan and it fixes wages and prices. Even the accounting system is capitalist, based on profits. Finally, the Chinese say, the bureaucracy is a self-perpetuating class. Its children get into the universities and become the new educated ruling elite. Lack of democratic dissent prevents any opposition from organizing challenge or change.

Chinese-Soviet antipathy surfaced during the famine in mid-August 1960, when the Soviet experts withdrew overnight without warning, carrying with them blueprints for buildings, bridges and machines. Neither side has given credible explanations for its behavior in the 1960 crisis. I believe the break culminated over nationalist rivalries. For instance: 1) Chinese resistance increased against attempted Soviet domination of the world Communist movement and particularly of the

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Chinese. This domination would have dictated a Soviet technological course; Mao assigned paramountcy to agriculture. Eight hundred million people had to be fed. 2) The Chinese were irked at Soviet refusal to alleviate the famine by sharing their food supply, however limited. 3) The Chinese were rebuffed by the Soviets also in their desire to expand into Siberia in search of additional arable land, even for temporary cultivation. 4) Clashes erupted along the extensive undelineated border. 5) Lastly, perhaps chiefly, the USSR, subscribing to non-proliferation well before agreements were signed with the U.S., refused point blank to share the nuclear bomb with the Chinese.

China's foreign policy is intensely nationalistic. The Chinese seem resolutely determined to redress remnants of 19th century imperialism, especially residual aspects of foreign domination such as borders drawn or provinces separated in that epoch. They view the race for world domination between the U.S. and the USSR as primordial, making a third World War inevitable within the next quarter century, and likely within the decade. Détente between the superpowers is illusory and functions merely as a smokescreen for an accelerated arms race. When asked whether the threat of nuclear destruction is not a significant deterrent, the Chinese parry that nuclear weapons might be avoided. If, however, they should be employed as a last resort, the Chinese respond that "half of the human race will survive," meaning their half.

The Chinese are striving mightily to break out of their diplomatic isolation. Japan and the U.S. are their best potential trading partners. Moreover, economic development can be speeded by investment of foreign capital. They see the U.S. imperialist thrust as blunted due to widespread domestic disillusionment over Vietnam. They see the USSR, on the other hand, as a rising empire, aggressively bent upon world control of resources and devoting twice its GNP to armaments as compared with the U.S. The USSR is consequently more likely to kindle war, in the Chinese view, than the U.S. This rationale helps explain China's trade and credits to the military junta in Chile and her alliance with the CIA-backed forces in Angola and other African trouble spots.

For all their efforts, the Chinese appear as if in a chess game on a vast board of world powers, with only pawns in hand for their moves. To put it another way, they are still chasing "paper tigers" as they did in the '50's, but today's tigers have changed color. The color blindness provides an excellent opportunity for the U.S. to normalize its relations with China, thereby contributing to stability in the Far East, and to enhancing its own trade position in that sphere.

The following affirmative steps would seem logical as another American initiative. 1) The U.S. should grant China "most-favored-nation treatment for her goods. 2) The Chinese should settle outstanding claims of Americans over property seized there following the revolution, as the U.S. reciprocally releases frozen Chinese assets in the U.S. 3) Washington should withdraw troops from and abrogate its security treaty with Taiwan signed in December 1954, ending these diplomatic ties, while arranging informal guarantees for the huge American investments there. 4) Washington should stop rearming Taiwan with sophisticated weapons as begun in 1974 at the rate of some $200 million annually. At home, these arms transfers look like Pentagon intrusion into foreign policy and fat subsidies for military contractors. Abroad, they can be construed as acts of bad faith, unilaterally breaking the Shanghai Communiqué in which the U.S. acknowledged 'that all Chinese on either side of the Taiwan Strait maintain there is but one China. The U.S. does not challenge that position." The clause continues to reaffirm America's "interest in a peaceful settlement of the Taiwan question by the Chinese themselves" and it "affirms the ultimate objective of the withdrawal of all U.S. forces and military installations from Taiwan." For our part, the U.S. promised that "it will progressively reduce its forces and military installations as the tensions in that area diminish."

When they signed the accord on Feb. 28, 1972, Nixon and Kissinger opened the door to revived relations through which we are diplomatically bound to walk. In some measure, they unilaterally abrogated the defense pact with Taiwan of 1954 by executive fiat. The problems of defense in the Far East are admittedly complicated and require diplomatic balance. Consultations with the Japanese are obviously indicated as are negotiations with the Philippines over our bases on their islands. Normalized relations are patently in our national and business interests. The time is propitious, the proposition is popular on both sides. The Carter administration cannot fail to take notice.

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RICHARD E. MCMULLEN

THREE LEAVES

Those three
brown leaves
scratching on their
fragile tips
inside the door
where a breeze hurried them
pause
like children who've entered
a desolate house—
if I spoke now
they would run.

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PRIESTS/NUNS/MINISTERS IN POLITICS

JIM CASTELLI

Updating a politico-religious phenomenon

The 1970 mid-term elections now seem ages away: Richard Nixon standing on top of a car, waving his arms and baiting his hecklers; Ed Muskie's Lincolnesque Election Eve TV talk; Spiro Agnew's gloating over the defeats of Charles Goodell, Joe Tydings and Albert Gore.

But the 1970 elections are also memorable because they marked the emergence of a phenomenon—the campaigning priest. Three priests ran for election that year, including two Jesuits who came to symbolize opposite poles during the Nixon years—Bob Drinan, a leading Vietnam dove who introduced the first impeachment resolution in the House, and John McLaughlin, who used Jesuitical distinctions to defend the Nixon theology of power.

Today, McLaughlin is no longer a priest; he is married and politically discredited, one of those who held on to Nixon until it was too late to bail out. Drinan won his fourth consecutive close election in November and seems about to become a fixture in the House.

Drinan was the only priest who won in 1970; McLaughlin lost his Republican Senate bid against John Pastore of Rhode Island and Norbertine Father Robert Cornell lost a close race in Green Bay, Wisc. Cornell lost another close election in 1972, but he became a "Watergate freshman" in 1974 and solidified his position with another win in 1976.

The political landscape in both the Catholic Church and the country has changed considerably since 1970, and the time seems ripe, particularly after the election of a "born-again" president, to assess the "priest in politics" phenomenon.

Actually, it is a "priest, nun and minister in politics" phenomenon. There have been a surprisingly large number of religious involved in elective and appointive office at both the national and local government level.

For a start, it's worth remembering that another colorful minister, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., served in the House long before Drinan. There are now five ministers in the House (not counting Andrew Young, named by President Carter to be U.S. ambassador to the United Nations) and two in the Senate.

Young was first elected in 1972; he was re-elected in 1974 and 1976. Young was one of Carter's most important early political backers, giving him needed credibility with blacks and liberals.

Cornell was not the only Watergate freshman who was a minister; Bob Edgar, 34, a United Methodist minister, left a post as a college chaplain to run in a Philadelphia suburb.

Washington, D.C.'s Walter Fauntroy, a non-voting representative, is a Baptist minister, as is John Buchanan of Alabama, the only Republican minister in the House. Buchanan was first elected in 1964.

The two clergymen in the Senate were elected this year and both are Republicans—John Danforth of Missouri, an Episcopalian priest, and Orrin Hatch of Utah, a Mormon bishop.

Other clergy and religious have run and lost in primaries and general elections:

—Father Francis X. Lawlor, a controversial conservative from Chicago, was defeated in a 1974 Democratic primary.

—Father Clark Field lost a Democratic primary in Indiana last spring.

—Sister Marianne Guthrie of Memphis was defeated in a 1974 Democratic House primary in Memphis.

—The Rev. William Grey, Baptist, lost a close primary race in a heavily black House district in Philadelphia.

At the local level, Lawlor has served on the Chicago City Council and Father Louis Gigante was elected to the New York City Council from his neighborhood in the poverty-stricken Southeast Bronx in 1973. Sister Claire Dunn was elected to the Arizona State Senate as a Democrat in 1974 and was re-elected in 1976; her administrative assistant, Judith Lovchik, is also a nun. A number of other religious have served on school boards and other local posts.

Some of the most influential religious in politics have served in appointive office. The most obvious is Holy Cross Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame. Hesburgh estimates he has spent 20 percent of his time working in federal posts over the past 20 years. He is best known for his term as chairman of the U.S. Commission for Civil Rights before he was fired by Nixon in 1972.

Hesburgh served on President Ford's Clemency Board along with another priest, Msgr. Francis Lally, former

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editor of the *Boston Pilot* and now Secretary for Social Development and World Peace for the U.S. Catholic Conference.

Hesburgh became a key adviser to Carter after the election, helping him choose Cabinet and other high-ranking officers. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has reportedly sought to name Hesburgh to several State Department slots, but at this writing Hesburgh has not accepted any.

Religious also played a role in the 1976 presidential elections. Carter hired Sister Victoria Mongiardo, a staff worker at Geno Baroni's National Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs, as co-chairman of his "ethnic" desk. Mongiardo also worked on recruiting people to serve in the Carter Administration during the transition. Baroni has since been named Assistant Secretary of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) for consumer affairs and regulatory functions, where he is working on strategies to revitalize urban neighborhoods.

Another religious on Carter's staff was Joe Duffey, former president of Americans for Democratic Action and an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate in 1970. (Duffey ran on the Democratic ticket but lost to Lowell Weicker in a close race when Tom Dodd, the state's Democratic senator, siphoned off votes by running as an Independent.) Duffey is an ordained Church of Christ minister. He was named Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural affairs by Carter.

The Ford camp had its own clergymen. One was Father Donald Shea, a political scientist from St. Joseph's College in Rensselaer, Indiana. Shea was a regional coordinator who paid particular attention to Catholics, with a special emphasis on problems of Catholic schools. The other was Dr. Richard Brannon, a Baptist minister on the staff of the White House Communications Office; Brannon looked after the conservative evangelical vote.

At the local level, Vermont Governor Richard Snelling, a moderate Republican elected in November, named Sister Elizabeth Candon to head the Human Services Agency, the state's largest department. Candon, on leave as president of Trinity College in Burlington, is a Democratic party leader in Vermont and was seriously considered by party leaders as a candidate for governor herself in 1972.

We have even seen a Catholic bishop serve in a government job; Fresno Auxiliary Bishop Roger Mahony headed the California Agricultural Relations Board before resigning in December.

The above list is by no means exhaustive, but it is comprehensive enough to be the basis for some generalizations. The most obvious conclusion is that involvement in politics, though not a common option for the clergy, is no longer an unusual one. Drinan, McLaughlin and Cornell were clearly not "freaks."

A related conclusion is that the involvement of religious in politics is now fairly widely accepted. The novelty has even worn off in the Catholic press: Drinan's every word used to be considered newsworthy because of his unique status; now, he and Cornell must really do something newsworthy to get coverage. (And, to their credit, this is the way they want it.)

A third conclusion to be drawn is that, with a few exceptions, religious involved in politics have not been "tokens." McLaughlin served to baptize the Nixon presidency the same way Billy Graham and Rabbi Korff did. Some people thought Mongiardo, Shea or both, played only token roles in the last campaign, but both had clearly non-token functions. Generally, though, the "token" charge is never even raised seriously about most of the other religious in politics.

A fourth conclusion, less easy to document, is that it is considered more unusual for a Catholic priest or nun to enter politics than a Protestant minister. One reason seems to be that priests and nuns are still considered hot copy simply because they are celibate; anything they do which is supposedly out of the ordinary is reported.

But another reason why Catholic religious attract more attention in politics is that many people fear they will be dominated by their hierarchy in a way ministers from less hierarchical churches are not. Looking at this concern leads to a fifth conclusion; Catholic religious have not been at all dominated or manipulated by the hierarchy.

Virtually all Catholic religious in politics cite the Church's social teachings as a basis for their work and keep abreast of the positions of the official Church—the USCC or the National Conference of Catholic Charities, for example. But no one in the hierarchy tells them how to vote. The best example is the way Drinan and Cornell have irked the hierarchy by refusing to accept the bishops' number one priority—a constitutional amendment to restrict abortion.

In fact, Drinan was targeted for defeat in November by right-to-life groups, including some with Church support. His win was considered a major defeat for the anti-abortion lobby. Drinan's situation was not all that unique; there were more than a dozen key congressmen who were attacked by the anti-abortion lobby, but who were highly rated by other church groups because of good voting records on issues such as hunger and civil rights.

This is exactly the situation Carter himself faced in many areas in his campaign; the split between two active Catholic lobbies—the pro-lifers and the social justice groups—is likely to be the big "Catholics in politics" story over the next few years.

Drinan and Cornell are not the only religious in politics not acting on order from the hierarchy. Gigante, for example, supported a City Council gay rights bill that had archdiocesan officials apoplectic. Mongiardo, Shea, McLaughlin, Lally, Hesburgh, even Mahony, have all acted as individuals.

But most of the religious in politics seem to share the

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generally liberal orientation of the "professional" church community. We can see this in the way ministers in Congress vote on issues considered important by three church lobbies—Network, an organization of nuns and others lobbying on social justice issues; Bread for the World (BFW), which focuses on domestic and world hunger issues, and the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL), which focuses on foreign affairs, defense and human rights areas.

For 1976:

—Drinan voted with Network on 13 of 13 issues; with Bread for the World on five of six and with FCNL, 12 of 13.

—Cornell: Network, 12 of 13; BFW 6-6; FCNL, 12 of 13.

—Edgar: Network, 13 of 13; BFW, 5 of 6; FCNL, 12 of 13.

—Young: Network, 11 of 11; BFW, 6 of 6; FNCL, 12 of 13.

—Buchanan: Network, 5 of 10; BFW, 5 of 6; FCNL, 4 of 13.

Of the religious outside of Congress, Hesburgh is a major figure in the liberal establishment; Duffey, Mahony, Lally, Dunn, Candon, Mongiardo, Field, Gray and Guthrie are all regarded as liberals; even Danforth is regarded as a liberal Republican. The most conservative major religious figure in politics is likely to be Hatch, who is a Reagan Republican.

Another generalization is that Catholic religious in politics seem to be more introspective about their involvement, more inclined to develop rationales for their work, than Protestants. Two examples will help give a feeling for the way these people see themeslves.

When he resigned from the California Agriculture Relations Board, Mahony reflected that his tenure had been "good for the Church and good for" California. He urged the Church to "get involved in the hard, rough work" of implementing social change.

Talking of his work on the board, he said, "The important lesson for me, and maybe for the Church, has been, in this particular case, that when the Church not only says that workers have rights, but is willing to get in and help do the work of implementing and protecting the guarantees of those rights—I think that is a tremendous witness to the world."

Sister Dunn told a Network seminar last June, "I can say, without exaggeration, that the poor are despised in the (Arizona) legislature."

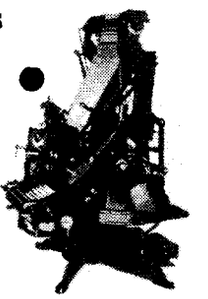
"Though I may not be able to use Gospel language when I denounce sinful and oppressive structures on the House floor or in my committee meetings when I suggest that the State can and must intervene in the economic order to protect those living a marginal existence," she said, "I am nonetheless making the Church's teaching present and striving for the reconciliation it seeks to promote by reordering relationships and structures."

"When we make the Gospel present in the wilderness of politics," she said, "we bring hope to the poor, the weak, the powerless, the voiceless—to those without political clout and professional lobbies. We show that there are those who care about the powerless where decisions are made that affect the quality of their lives, who believe they are not expendable and their rights barterable."

Catholic priests and nuns in politics, then, see their work largely as a "witness" that the Church will work actively in this world to achieve justice and to protect the rights of the poor. In doing that, they also send out the message that the political process is not without hope and dignity. The fact that some people would disagree with that message does not make it unimportant.

TOO MUCH WITH US

PRESS



As a child I loved comic books, especially those published by William Gaines under the "EC" imprint, which in the copyright notice was variously described as Entertaining Comics or Educational Comics, Inc. They were both, although the experts all warned that what they taught was better never learned. *The Vault of Horror, Frontline Combat, Weird Science Fantasy, Shock Suspenstories* and half a dozen others—they were well-written and beautifully illustrated. The artists' names are with me still—Harvey Kurtzman, John Severin, Wally Wood, Jack Davis, the brilliant B. Kriegstein whose drawings had the bleak intensity of Goya or Kathe Kolwitz. Gaines later made himself rich if not immortal by creating *Mad*, nuttily brilliant as a comic book but an ugly, brutish piece of work after it became a magazine, or so it seemed to me. It was the comic books I loved, kept and reread long after the titles died in the early 1950s. I've still got them. Among other things, they introduced me to the darker side of the human imagination.

My Mother didn't like them. I can remember her picking one up from time to time, glancing at a story about an ax murder, say, or a "Ghastly" Graham Ingalls drawing of a withered old crone rising from the grave with lips hanging in shreds around long-rooted teeth, or Wally Wood's version of a spaceship crew's destruction by extra-terrestial BEMs, an acronym standing for bug-eyed monsters. That makes them sound harmless and silly, but a BEM genius like Wood knew something

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about the human fear of snakes, spiders, rats, squids, centipedes. He knew where to put the teeth, the patches of hair and slimy secretions. His BEMs stayed with you and visited your dreams.

My Mother worried that she was derelict in her duty as a parent for allowing these things into the house. Things had been quite different when she was a girl. *Her* mother had been sternly protective. Before the Sunday papers were admitted the comics were removed and destroyed. No "Katzenjammer Kids" or "Bringing Up Father" for *her* daughters. My Mother worried that she had been cajoled too far in the other direction. It was one thing to let children read comics which were actually comic . . . but these . . . *horrors*. . . .

This protective instinct is no doubt as old as the human family, but I never felt its tug until I had children of my own. Late last August we drove back to New York after a summer in Vermont and by the time we were in sight of the hot, yellow air hanging over the city we were tired and silent. The radio was on. As we passed through the outer reaches of the Bronx with its burned-out buildings and trash-lined streets the news began. There was an item about a woman whose week-old baby had been eaten by her dog, a half-starved German shepherd. Perhaps you remember the story.

My daughters Amanda and Susan were sitting next to me on the front seat, looking straight ahead with empty, car-weary faces. Amanda was nearly six, Susan four. At first I only half-listened to the announcer as he described the incident in a brisk, interested voice, as if he were thinking, *Boy, here's one*. . . .

The young mother had no money. She brought her baby home to an empty apartment—no furniture, no food, nothing but her hungry dog and a blanket the hospital had given her in which to take the baby home. She had a few dollars somewhere and went to get it, leaving the baby behind on the floor. When she returned she found her child dead, partially eaten. The word "partially" has a certain lingering quality.

By that time I was listening. I reached to turn off the radio for the simple reason that I didn't want my daughter to *hear that*. But then I thought I'd only be drawing attention to the story, and left the radio on. The announcer moved to another item. My daughters showed no sign of having heard, asked no questions, only stared ahead into the darkening city.

There is something troubling about this business of . . . news. . . . It sweeps too clean, scooping up everything, passing it through a coarse net which seems to hold onto everything violent, ugly, bizarre, disordered and mean. This preoccupation is generally taken to be something of an anomaly, a tendency incidental to the gathering of the real news. That, in theory at least, is supposed to inform us of the ins and outs of the world in sufficient depth and detail to let us know where we are. The media, and newspapers in particular, fail us when we are surprised by the headlines. Assassinations and earthquakes are impossible to foresee, perhaps, but the great events of the world—the fall of Saigon, the resignation of Nixon, long slides in the stock market, war between the Arabs and Israelis, big bankruptcies, the decline of the pound sterling—do not catch attentive readers unaware when the newspapers have been doing their job.

Some of the reporting which lets us know where we are may seem superficial at first glance. Recently I heard a magazine editor say that he hoped reporting about the Carter administration would avoid the obsessive gossiping of the press during the Nixon era, when every nuance in the bureaucratic battles between Kissinger and Schlesinger, for example, was chronicled with such minute fidelity. He hoped there would be less preoccupation with exactly who authored this or that position paper as Carter shaped his foreign policy, and more about what the policy was and meant.

This struck me as a misunderstanding of what the news is for. Political leaders carry their personal histories with them; it makes a difference who writes the papers. A SALT negotiating position written by the Pentagon instead of the Arms Control Agency would say something about the Pentagon's power, the prospect for disarmament, the military thinking of the White House. It is not idle curiosity alone which notes the President's

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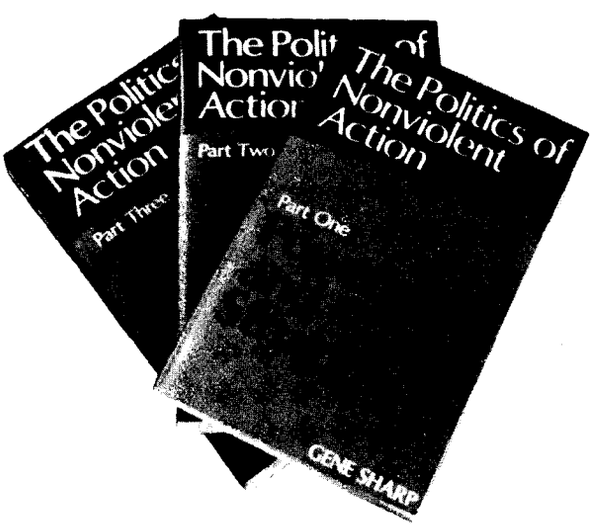
Margaret Mead



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dinner partners, or which thinks twice when Senators ride on corporate planes, or which wonders just who, exactly, got those checks drawn on Korean funds and made out to cash.

When someone has a serious interest in the business of the government he ought to know who to send his letters to, who counts and who doesn't, where the decisions which affect him are actually made, and what they are likely to be. A lot of what the Washington papers publish seems politically idle and prurient, but in fact it tells people where they are, and where everybody else is. Every man a Daniel Boone in the bureaucratic wilderness!

Inevitably, a lot of the news about who is behind what is bad, and thus sounds at times like carping. When the press is attacked for its preoccupation with bad news it is this sort of thing which is generally meant.

But I am thinking of something quite different when I speak of the preoccupation of the press with the violent, ugly, bizarre, disordered and mean. A deeper social pathology is at work, one which has to do with the hugeness of the net, the coarseness of its weave, and the fact that it is cast every day over the whole world. It is one thing to live in a small town and hear its bad news over the years; terrible things happen, but not every day. When the community is larger and the fact-gathering more efficient, the news darkens, a fact which perhaps has something to do with the bleaker vision of men who live in cities. When the community is the whole world, with its crime, pestilence, war, famine and corruption, the imaginations of those who listen to its news, even with only half an ear, must inevitably be prompted in the direction of gloom and silence.

It is not hard to persuade people of this where children are concerned. The first thing one might say about them is that they are . . . impressionable. Earlier this spring I happened to be staying with friends in Washington when the Hanafi Muslims took over two buildings and a lot of hostages and demanded stern justice for those who had perpetrated a certain crime against them. Perhaps you have forgotten the details of that crime.

The two friends I was staying with had, between them, four daughters ranging in age from seven to 10. As the evening television news began, the girls came downstairs, fresh from their bath in their nighties, wet hair brushed neatly back. A good many adults were about, drinking margaritas and talking about . . . whatever. None of us had been covering the Hanafi takeover so we weren't paying much attention, but the girls were fascinated. They sat unnoticed in front of the television set, faces perfectly blank as they watched a newsman interview a Hanafi woman about the reason for the takeover.

She was articulate and bitter. She reminded the interviewer of the crime of which the Hanafis had been the victims a year or so earlier. A rival faction of Muslims had sent a team of killers to one of the Hanafis' communal homes. There they found some women and childen, whom they murdered. There were quite a lot of children, four or five, and although one of them had been shot—as were the women—the rest were killed in a more brutal fashion. They had been drowned in a bathtub. The woman describing their murder was quite explicit, not failing to cite their soaked bodies, their blue lips, the bubbles of froth at their mouths.

I do not know what the four girls listening to this recital carried to bed with them that night, but surely it was something dark and indigestible and lingering, something they didn't need to know.

No prescription follows, nor do I intend anything like blame. We are speaking here simply of the way the world is. Occasionally the media are guilty of something unconscionable and inexcusable, as CBS was the night of the helicopter accident on top of the Pan Am building, when the New York station interrupted the Muppet Show—the *Muppet Show*!!—to describe the victims cut in half by a flying rotor blade. I hope the CBS news executives have asked themselves a question or two about *that*.

But more often it is the world which is at fault, and the fact that none of its corners is too remote to be noticed. Not long ago PBS broadcast a British documentary about Idi Amin. Included was footage in color of an execution. One of the victims was naked, clear enough on the screen so that one might note he was uncircumcized. His sag at the moment of death was certainly vivid, but I do not think the scene should have been cut from the film. This, after all, is the way the world is. My point is that we all—not just children—are impressionable, and that we carry such images with us from what we have seen or read in the media, and that it is doing something to us.

We might make a list of such images—the naked girl, burned with napalm, running down a road in Vietnam; the Vietcong captive with a pistol bullet exploding through his head during the Tet offensive; a photo of a naked prisoner in Uruguay with a sack over his head, obtained and published by Amnesty International; the endless lists of names of political prisoners who have disappeared in Chile; an almost comically puzzled Allende in his helmet, minutes before his murder—one might free associate a history of the times from these bits and pieces of half-remembered horrors.

Do you remember the mercury-poisoned bodies of Japanese children at Minimata, the coal-mine sludge which engulfed a school at Aberfan in Wales, the acre of coffins from the 747 crash at Tenerife, the photo of Robert McNamara in a flight helmet on the deck of an aircraft carrier in the Tonkin Gulf, evoked so eerily by the recent pictures of President Carter at the periscope of a nuclear submarine; the faces of witnesses at the

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Watergate hearings, at once haughty and cringing? You cannot help but remember. The net of the press is huge, its weave is coarse, it is cast every day over the whole world, and it is doing something to us.

But as I say, no prescription follows.

THOMAS POWERS

THE CULT OF PERSONALITY

THE SCREEN

Left-wing filmmaking is like an ideology. It's absolute. It doesn't change from one country, period or script to another. It's an invariable three-point program:

1. The hero is always the fall guy of history. He's a committed radical and leader of the masses who is brought down by the Right. This is true from the shooting of Valkulinchuk as he leads the mutiny aboard Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* to the execution of Ali la Pointe during Ponte-Corvo's *The Battle of Algiers*, or the assassination of Deputy Lambrakis in Costa-Gavras's *Z*.

2. The corollary of 1. is that the villain is always a hero of sorts. More than the equal of the fall guy, he is a figure of fascination and often the central character of the film. The central character in Glauber Rocha's *Antonio das Mortes* is a gunslinger employed by the Brazilian ranchers to shoot *cangaceiros*, that in Alea's *Memories of Underdevelopment* is a bourgeois wastrel at loose ends after Castro has come to power. Costa-Gavras's *State of Siege* is about a C.I.A. agent training South American police in torture. Ponte-Corvo's *Burn!* is about a similar counter-insurgency expert hired by British sugar planters in the Caribbean 100 years earlier. *The Battle of Algiers* is at least as much about the legionnaire, Col. Mathieu, as it is about Ali and the F.L.N. And the most ambitious film Eisenstein ever undertook, *Ivan the Terrible* is about . . . well, Ivan the Terrible, of all people.

3. The scenarios for all left-wing films are a good deal like conversion literature. In the latter the apostate comes to doubt more and more—as Newman does, for instance, in *Apologia pro Vita Sua*—until, suddenly, we turn the page and learn that now he's a Catholic! In like manner, conditions in left-wing movies get worse and worse until, all at once, the revolution has succeeded. Somewhere between the second and third of the three episodes in Humberto Solas's *Lucia*, Castro has appeared in Cuban history and staged his revolution. To the end of *The Battle of Algiers* is appended an epilogue informing us tersely that everything Ali seemed to have died for in vain came to pass a few years later.

Now Hector Olivera's *Rebellion in Patagonia* follows in this tradition. Made in Argentina a few years ago between right-wing dictatorships, and about labor strife in a rural Argentinian province in the 1920s, Olivera's film adheres to the three-point program pretty faithfully. The hero, Antonio Soto (Luis Brandoni), commits himself totally to fomenting rebellion against Patagonia's rancher-capitalists, and he loses almost everything he commits. His comrades all arrested and shot, his popular front and general strikes smashed, Antonio is in the end lucky to escape over the border into Chile with his life. Moreover, while Antonio is the hero, the central character of the film is his nemesis, Commander Zavala (Hector Alterio), who leads the military mission sent to put down the workers' rebellion. The film even follows the model of conversion literature when it shows Zavala inexplicably turning against the workers after his first campaign in Patagonia ends with him in complete sympathy with them and playing the role of peace-maker.

Zavala is really the most important character in the film since its central issue is the question of why he has this change of heart. It is because he has it that the course of the rebellion is reversed. The labor organizing done by Antonio and the others is succeeding until Zavala begins his second campaign and is able to take advantage of their initial trust of him to decimate their ranks. If he had not acted with this inconsistency, the film implies, the rebellion might well have succeeded and all subsequent Argentinian history might have been different.

Concentrating then on Zavala's key role in history, the film begins with his assassination after the rebellion and ends with a victory dinner the ranchers hold in his honor just before his assassination. Leaving his apartment at the beginning a few minutes before he's killed, he plays with his daughter. Like the C.I.A. agent in *State of Siege*, he is a family man and so human a figure. Yet he turns into a murderous beast. Why? At the end of the last scene as he stands to accept an ovation from the ranchers, Zavala scowls into the future, into posterity, and the camera moves in for a tight close-up of his face and finally just his eyes. It is as if the filmmaker were trying literally to peer inside the man, still unable to understand him and more absorbed in doing so than in the character of any of the film's heroes.

I don't wish to belittle the quandary in which *Rebellion in Patagonia* ends, for it is a well and earnestly made film. But I think it suffers the failure that a good many left-wing films do, and that left-wing ideology itself often does for that matter. It commits a peculiar kind of political error. It falls victim to what might quite rightly be called the cult of personality. Just as the dictatorship of the proletariat has often—in Stalinist Russia, in Cuba and in China—turned into a dictatorship of one man indistinguishable from Fascism, so

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left-wing filmmaking frequently seems to become mesmerized by its villains and thus distracted from its own politics.

The result here is not Fascism, but it is a kind of compromising obsession with authority and leadership. It tends to attribute history to a single personality much as Fascism would invest history in such a personality. Earlier I likened the way left-wing filmmaking deals with revolutionary struggle to the way conversion literature deals with the conversion, by omission. But in a truly politicized film—in *The Battle of Algiers*, or *Lucia* —this conversion is at least understood to have occurred in the course of events, in history, rather than in the personality of some individual. *Rebellion in Patagonia* is so far gone, however, that in it the historical crisis is only, like religious conversion, a change in attitude on the part of one individual.

The only way a film can avoid this political error is by having the courage of its own convictions—by really allowing a political analysis of history to dictate its content and feeling. Presumably the purpose behind left-wing filmmaking is to raise political consciousness. (Why else would we be interested in something that happened in remote Patagonia fifty years ago, if not for the insight it provides into political relations everywhere?) But it isn't enough for the filmmaker just to be sympathetic to his left-wing heroes because of the perfidy and defeat they suffer. If that is the only response the filmmaker has to history, the result is mere humanitarianism and his political purpose in making the film is inadequately served. A film that is pitiless, but also clear-minded and politically "correct" in its interpretation of history, is far more likely to be effective. Indeed, this is the crucial difference between the few left-wing films that are true to their own politics and the many that are misdirected (pun intended).

It doesn't follow that a genuinely left-wing film has to be cold, for *Battleship Potemkin*, which succeeds in making an aesthetic myth out of Marxism itself, certainly isn't cold. But it does mean that the director can't allow personal feeling to cloud political issues. As an alternative to *Rebellion in Patagonia*, with its romantic left-wing heroes and inscrutable right-wing villain, I still prefer *The Battle of Algiers*. Though its conflict between Ali la Pointe and Col. Mathieu is as sharply drawn as that in *Rebellion in Patagonia*, it doesn't turn history into a melodrama. It wastes no sentimentality on Ali and no bitterness on Mathieu. Ponte-Corvo felt no need to exaggerate either personality, for the sufficient difference between them, the only one that mattered to him, was that Mathieu had the wrong analysis of history while Ali's was proved right. In other words, theirs was a political difference.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

THE TWIN URGES OF JAMES BALDWIN

WILFRID SHEED

Jerry Bauer

When James Baldwin goes wrong (as he has taken to doing lately), it usually seems less a failure of talent than of policy. Of all our writers he is one of the most calculating. Living his life on several borderlines, he has learned to watch his step: driven at the same time by an urge to please and a mission to scold.

In his early days, the twin urges came together to make very good policy indeed. White liberals craved a spanking and they got a good one. But then too many amateurs joined in the fun, all the Raps and Stokelys and Seales, until even liberal guilt gave out. And now the times seems to call for something a little different. *The Devil Finds Work* (Dial, $6.95) shows Baldwin groping for it—not just because he's a hustler, at least as writers go, but because he has a genuine quasi-religious vocation. In the last pages he richly describes a church ceremony he went through as a boy, akin to attaining the last mansions of mysticism: and you have to do *something* after that. Your work, even your atheism, will always taste of religion.

And this is the first problem we come across in the new book. Because the subject is movies, and most movies simply do not accommodate such religious passion. So his tone sounds false. He may or may not feel that strongly about movies (it's hard to believe), but sincerity isn't the issue. A preacher doesn't have to feel what he says every Sunday: rhetoric is an art, and Baldwin practices it very professionally. But the sermon's subject must be at least in the same ball-park as the style, or you get bathos, the sermon that fails to rise.

Since Baldwin is too intelligent not to notice this, we get an uneasy compromise between old habits and new possibilities. The folks pays him to preach (to use his own self-mocking language), so he turns it on mechanically, almost absent-mindedly, lapsing at times into incoherence, as if he's

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fallen asleep at the microphone. But since getting mad at the movies is only one step removed from getting mad at the funnies, he escapes periodically in two directions, one bad and one good.

The bad one is to change the subject outrageously in order to raise the emotional ante: thus there are several references to how white people like to burn babies that totally stumped me. A prophet should disturb all levels of opinion and must therefore be something of a precisionist. But this stuff passes harmlessly overhead. Blacks have been known to kill babies too, in Biafra and elsewhere, but nobody said they like it. People apt to be reading Baldwin at all have long since graduated from this level of rant. He may write for the masses, but he is read by the intelligentsia.

But his second escape at times almost makes up for the first: which is simply to talk about movies according to their kind, with amusement, irony and his own quirky insights. More writers should do this: we were raised as much in the movie house as the library, and it's pretentious to go on blaming it all on Joyce. In Baldwin's case a movie case-history is doubly valuable because his angle is so solitary, shaped by no gang and deflected by no interpretation, and shared only with a white woman teacher, herself a solitary. Nobody ever saw these movies quite the way he did, or ever will.

Unfortunately the childhood section is tantalizingly short, and the adult's voice horns in too often, but some fine things come through: in particular the way the young Baldwin had to convert certain white actors into blacks, even as white basketball fans reverse the process today, in order to identify. Thus, Henry Fonda's walk made him black, and Joan Crawford's resemblance to a woman in the local grocery store made her black, while Bette Davis' popping eyes made her not only black but practically Jimmy himself.

This is vintage Baldwin: and if he lacks confidence in his softer notes he shouldn't (his sentimental notes are another matter). He does not automatically *have* to lecture us on every topic he writes about. In this more urbane mode, his racial intrusions often make good sense. For instance in checking *A Tale of Two Cities* against what he has learned in the streets he perhaps inadvertently suggests to this reader at least how Dickens might have veered away from what *he* had learned in the streets. In fact Baldwin's whole treatment of this story suggests a potential literary critic, if he'd calm down for a minute.

This section ends with a valuable addition to Baldwin's early autobiography: a corpus to which one had thought no further additions were possible. He discovers the theater and loses his religion almost at the same moment. The reality of stage actors playing Macbeth is enough to blow away even that encounter with the Holy Ghost. And as if to symbolize this, he literally tiptoes out of church one Sunday and heads downtown for a show: taking, as he says in another context, his church with him.

If stage acting could transplant God, it utterly demolished screen acting for him. "Canada Lee [in *Native Son*] was Bigger Thomas, but he was also Canada Lee: his physical presence, like the physical presence of Paul Robeson, gave me the right to live. He was not at the mercy of my imagination as he would have been, on the screen: he was on the stage, in flesh and blood, and I was, therefore, at the mercy of *his* imagination." If you're raised an incarnational Christian (and it's hard to imagine another kind), flesh and blood can be food and drink to you. Henceforth in even the silliest play, the actors' presence would thrust reality through at Baldwin; conversely, only the greatest of actors could insert physicality into a movie, and that fleetingly.

His own course was set. Embodied reality, thick, hot and tangible is Baldwin's grail, even jerking him loose from his own rhetoric. So he became a man of the stage, dealing with real people and not their images; and he wrote some of his best work for it—including my own favorite *Amen Corner* in which he uses the stage to exorcise the Church once and for all. Only to come out more religious than ever—only at random now, passionately foraging for Good and Evil in race, in movies, even in Norman Mailer.

Perhaps, then, not the ideal man to write about movies. The magic element which is their particular genius is precisely what maddens his fundamentalist soul the most. Like Pascal at the real theater, he sees nothing but lies up there. Although he seems to know something about the craft of movies, it doesn't interest or charm him in the least. His book has no pictures, which is unusual in a film book, but quite appropriate for this one. Because even the stills would be lies.

Specifically lies about race. And here we have a right to expect the latest news from Baldwin and not a rehash. I assume he is still a Black spokesman in good standing. Although his book is disarmingly datelined from France, which is nearer the *pied-noir* country, there must be a victims' network of information which keeps him up to date. But his personal witness, his strength, has begun to sound tentative. He talks of being terrorized in some Southern town, but he can't remember what year or, apparently, the distinction between one town and another. "It is hard to be accurate concerning the pace of my country's progress." Very hard from St. Paul de Vence. We can get fresher testimony than that every day of the week.

Anyhow for Baldwin there is still just something called the South, unchanging and indivisible, and the liberals down there might as well pack up shop. It's a bleak picture and if Baldwin sees any lift in the clouds he either isn't telling or he rejects it as a dangerous illusion, an invitation to drop one's guard. For instance, in the dopey film, *In the Heat of the Night*,

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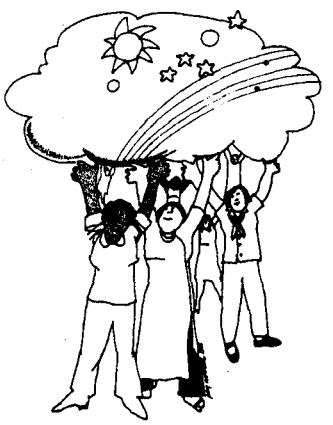
there is a scene where the white sheriff humbles himself to carry Sidney Poitier's bags, and Baldwin sees for a moment something "choked and moving" in this, only to round on it sternly as a dangerous daydream. "White Americans have been encouraged to keep on dreaming, and black Americans have been alerted to the necessity of waking up."

So paranoia as before is his message to Blacks, and a white reviewer is in no position to question it. Since no improvement is to be trusted, the implicit solution is revolution, and Baldwin talks airily of seizing property as if this were still the slaphappy sixties when all seemed possible. For the moment, revolutionary rant seems as remote as the evangelism that used to pacify Blacks: but again, Baldwin isn't quite calling for it, only toying with it. His new position is still very much in the works.

Meanwhile off-screen, geographical distance may have obscured some of the social nuances Baldwin usually pounces on so swiftly and surely. He talks for instance of whites being terrified of Blacks, and Blacks being enraged by whites, as if this blanketed the case. But one of the odd things that happened in the sixties was that the Blacks became largely de-mystified, for better or worse. By accepting such drugstore rebels as Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael at their own valuation, we let ourselves in for one of the greatest letdowns in memory. The black enigma was transformed overnight into the black chatterbox. Although, as Claude Brown once said privately these men could not have rounded up ten followers in Harlem, they told us they were leaders, so we took them for leaders. And we were relieved to find they were not the brooding giants that Baldwin had conjured, but just average publicity hounds.

Because of this comical misunderstanding, many whites ceased being impressed by Blacks altogether, except such as carried knives, and a new psychic alignment occurred that Baldwin should come home and tell us about. The problem now is not so much fear as deepening indifference. Baldwin still writes as though our souls were so hag-ridden by race that even our innocent entertainments reflect it. And he gives us the old castration folderol as if it were piping hot. But the news I hear is different. Many whites now go for years without thinking about Blacks at all. The invisible man has returned. And as *de facto* segregation continues to settle like mold, his future seems assured.

On the Black side of the fence, one simply has to take him on trust. Young Blacks today *seem* more confident than Baldwin's prototypes but it might only take a few full-time bigots plus some ad hoc recruits—as in South Boston—



to chip the paint off this. What one can question, by the current division of racist labor, is his account of the white psyche. Because here again he simply says nothing that a contemporary reader can use. His white men sound at times exactly like Susan Brownmiller's rapists, whom that author also transformed into Everyman, and in fact like all the hyperaggressive bullies you've ever met: and these surely come in all colors.

Of such movies as *Death Wish* or *Straw Dogs* or the worst of Clint Eastwood (if such there be) or black exploitation films—in short all the movies that validate bullying on one side or another and make it chic—he says nothing except, tantalizingly, of the latter that they "make black experience irrelevant and obsolete" (his own, or everyone's?). If by chance he has not seen the others, in particular *Death Wish*, the mugger-killing wet dream, he has wandered unarmed into the one subject Americans really know about.

Baldwin's weakness as a prophet is to suppose that the rest of us experience life as intensely as he does; and his strength is roughly the same. If his overall sociology is suspect right now, his ability to enlarge a small emotion so that we can all see it is not. And this perhaps rescues him even as a writer about movies.

Throughout, his eyes swarm greedily over the screen, scavenging for small truths. And although brotherhood epics like *In the Heat of the Night* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* were flailed insensible by white critics, leaving precious little to pick on, in each case he finds some scene or other even richer in phoniness, or closer to truth, than we suspected. For instance, in the latter film, he has a passage on a successful black son's relation to his father that probably no one else would have thought of. While for the former, he provides such a droll plot summary that the absurdity jumps a dimension.

He is also good on *The Defiant Ones* and *Lawrence of Arabia* though here one senses that he is not saying all he knows. He talks at one point of the seismographic shudder Americans experience at the word homosexual, but he handles it pretty much like a hot potato himself: talking around and around it without quite landing on it. Again this is policy (the word homosexual does go off like a fire alarm, reminding us to put up our dukes) but in this case, I think, too much policy. When Baldwin holds back something it distorts his whole manner. The attempt to seduce is too slick. And this, just as much as his compulsion to preach when there's nothing to preach about, diverts him from his real lover, truth. He is not seeing those movies as an average black man, but as a unique exile, and the pose is beginning to wear thin.

So, the tension remains. He has been away a long time and I'm sure he has a story to tell about that, perhaps his

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best one yet. It is hard to believe that in Paris and Istanbul his mind was really on American movies: but they might have been something in the attic that he wanted to get rid of. And the attempt is worthwhile if only for the sake of some sprightly lines, to wit, "J. Edgar Hoover, history's most highly paid (and most utterly useless) *voyeur*," and random bangs and flashes. He even talks several times of *human* weakness (as opposed to white weakness)—including his own: which suggests that the hanging judge may be ready to come down from his perch and mix it with us.

But for now he remains up there wagging his finger sternly at the converted and the bored. And with so many clergymen, he too often deduces Reality solely by intelligence in this book, and while he has more than enough of that quality, it tends to fly off in bootless directions unless anchored by touch. He is right to love the stage. His art needs real bodies. But anyone who sees reality as clearly as Baldwin does must be tempted at times to run like the wind; and perhaps, for just a little while, he's done that. After all, that's what movies are for—even for those preachers who denounce them the loudest.

BOOKS

ON BEING HANS KUNG

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

On Being a Christian
HANS KUNG
Doubleday, $12.95

During the winter of 1899/1900, Adolf von Harnack, then the most eminent theological scholar of the time, delivered a series of public lectures at the University of Berlin on the theme "The Essence of Christianity." In the original German and in translations into more than a dozen languages, the book that grew out of those lectures provoked a debate that is still going on about what is essential and what is accidental in the historic deposit of the Christian faith.

Hans Küng has written a provocative and important contribution to that debate. *On Being a Christian* has long been a best seller in Europe, and the English version is already engaging the interested attention of thousands of readers—not only, or not chiefly, among "the cultural despisers of religion" to whom volumes of apologetics have conventionally been addressed, but among Christians of various denominations who find it impossible to affirm a faith in the Christian tradition *in toto* but who cannot shake off the hold that the gospel of Jesus Christ has upon them. There are those (and I am one of them) who will sniff "reductionism" is any such effort to find the kernel of the gospel inside the husk of the tradition, but it will not do to dismiss Küng's book in so hasty a fashion, for it is animated by an explicit loyalty to the Christian and Catholic tradition and is ultimately concerned with the question of continuity in that tradition.

Küng's loyalty to tradition and his quest of an "essence of Christianity" converge in the most important—and most moving—portion of his book, the discussion of Jesus Christ, which is the second of the four major divisions of *On Being a Christian*. Bearing the subtitle "The Distinction," Küng's presentation of who Jesus was (and is) and of what Jesus did (and does) avoids the conventional distinctions of dogmatic Christology, "the Christ image of the councils," and strives to do justice to the results of the critical study of the Gospels. A catalog of the pictures of Christ put forward by philosophers, poets, and novelists provides an effective foil for the attempt to draw a portrait that is not simply a projection of one's own fantasies or aspirations. Taken as a whole, Küng's attempt at such a portrait must, it seems to me, be counted a success. Acknowledging that historical-critical research can neither confirm faith nor destroy it, Küng has had the courage to ask whether or not the understanding of the figure of Jesus that is left to us when such research has done its work is compatible with the sort of commitment to him that has defined the content of Christian discipleship. With a recognition of all of its ambiguities, Küng feels able to reaffirm the commitment and to do so with eloquence.

It is evident throughout the chapters on Christ that Küng, together with many contemporary theologians, is critical of the orthodox doctrine of Christ for having done less than full justice to the humanity of Jesus. He regards the language about "natures" and "properties" as too static a category for the description of what I share with Jesus as a human being. Clearly it is this sharing that Küng is defining as the content of salvation. His apologetic intention is to identify the search for authentic humanity, as expressed in the social and political struggles of the present day, with the concrete representation of authentic humanity that is given in the life and teachings, the sufferings and death, the resurrection and presence, of Jesus of Nazareth. Reversing the fateful separation of theology and ethics, Küng uses an analysis of economics or of sexuality as a means of opening up the meaning of fulfillment and thus

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of presenting Christ as the revelation and the embodiment of what is truly human—and hence of what is truly divine. The cast of characters whom Küng summons is, therefore, highly unusual for a volume of systematic theology (if that is indeed what *On Being a Christian* is to be called): more references to Mahatma Gandhi than to Saint Athanasius, more frequent consideration of Marxism than of the Reformation, and (for some reason or other) more quotations from Josephus than from Cardinal Newman. Without wanting to play the citations numbers game, one may see here the evidence of the author's conviction that the "restless heart" of which Augustine spoke is speaking today in the fight for liberation and that it can find the object of its yearning in the man Christ Jesus.

As I have already suggested, Küng's work is characterized by a readiness to incorporate the results of critical study in the very statement of the faith. Sometimes he does this by omission; except for a glancing blow or two in passing, he does not so much as take up the Augustinian doctrine of original sin as brought on by the fall of Adam and transmitted through procreation. Other issues he faces head on. There is a comparatively long consideration of the virgin birth, in which the biblical evidence (Matthew and Luke) and lack of evidence (the other two Gospels and Paul) form the basis for a theological discourse on what roles, if any, this idea should play in our view of Christ. Küng devotes a longer section to the Easter faith, putting aside the story of the empty tomb and the narratives of the post-resurrection appearances in favor of a declaration that "the Crucified lives" through being "taken up by that incomprehensible and comprehensive ultimate reality which we designate by the name of God." It is consistent with this treatment of the resurrection of Christ when Küng likewise has very little explicit to say about the traditional Christian hope of life in the age to come, beyond the affirmation that "there is no cross in the world . . . which can refute the offer of meaning issued on the cross of the one raised to life."

These observations will indicate some of my misgivings about the book. Even within the scope of his identification with the "modern" outlook, I find Küng's handling of the orthodox tradition quite cavalier. Of course the creeds and councils of the Church were speaking in their own time and of their own time, but they were also speaking—or thought they were—for all time; and it is the task of anyone defining what "being a Christian" means to come to terms with the faith of the Church, *sentire cum Ecclesia.* Conversely, I do not see why it is necessary to introduce such elements of pop culture as *Hair* or *Love Story* to show that one is really living in today's world. But perhaps the most disturbing lacuna in the book comes in its treatment of worship. One of the surest results of historical research into the New Testament and into the creeds is the discovery of their liturgical setting; the fundamental criticism that Christian faith levels at what Küng calls "the unmoving, passionless countenance of Plato's God, who cannot suffer" is that this is not the One to whom we pray as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; the rationalistic disjunction between "history" and "myth" underlying much of Küng's argument is one that the Church has transcended (some would say "evaded") above all in the celebration of the Eucharist, about which Küng has almost nothing to say.

There are indications that Küng is conscious of these problems. He does engage in a polemic against "those time-conscious theologians who always like to ride on the crest of the latest wave." In a footnote near the end of the book, noting "how closely faith and prayer are linked," Küng apologizes for having failed to include a special section on "prayer, meditation and Christian worship (in particular, the Sunday act of worship)." He blames this omission on "the tiresome disputes forced on me afresh by Rome," which made it impossible to write that part of the book because of the press of time; it thus became "a victim of the policy of the Roman Inquisition." Much as I deplore the harassment to which Hans Küng has been subjected, I find this explanation a lame excuse at best and a "cheap shot" at worst. For by failing to ground his proposals for a fresh statement of the Christian faith in a definition of theology as doxology, Küng has deprived himself and his readers of an inestimable—and indispensable—resource. Christians have not always written books on theology, they have not even always been able to read the Bible. But they have always prayed, and they have always participated in the breaking of bread for the service of God and of humanity. It is impossible to imagine "being a Christian" without that.

Ladder of the World's Joy

SARAH APPLETON

Doubleday, $4.95

ELEANOR B. WYMARD

In a time of angry poets, especially women, Sarah Appleton's second book *Ladder of the World's Joy* proves that even out of love, poets can create. *Ladder of the World's Joy* is a revelation that the earth is astir. From the perspective of a seer, Appleton snubs the contemporary schism between past and present, conscious and unconscious, flesh and spirit by praising, instead, the unity of the cosmos. "Written for the most part in the nine days before Pentecost while . . . reading *The Phenomenon of Man,*" the poems blaze Appleton's tremendous joy at witnessing the birth of her own thoughts. The nine days of Pentecost were part of twenty-one more, however, which Sarah Appleton spent at Yaddo, a wooded mansion retreat for poets, writers, artists, and musicians at Saratoga Springs. Appleton relished the month to concentrate at last on the meaning of her first work *The Plenitude We Cry For* (Doubleday, 1972), a long poem about the life of

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a horse chestnut tree, and to wonder about the energy which poetry and nature share. Inspired by Teilhard de Chardin's *Phenomenon of Man*, Appleton "could not not write poems," for the "scales were falling from my eyes in reading about the birth of the universe."

Running through the woods and writing poetry come together in the first two poems. In "Verging on Trickery," the speaker poet, lying under a giant oak, sees in the tree what no one else has seen.

If I took the sun, here
and changed it into a black
bird and hung with five scattered
friends on the dead oak limb
what would I become?

This ability to give new shapes to nature momentarily frightens her. But then again: "I would not be wrong/I would not even be a witch. . . ."

The speaker gains the right strength in the second poem, however, and is ready for the vision: "I have taken on another life/and grown into the habit of it/It is filamented of instincts long slept. . . ." By writing poetry, Sarah Appleton deepens her understanding of Teilhard; by reading Teilhard, she clarifies her evolution as a poet.

Within the context of a Teilhardian perspective, a number of motifs dominate Appleton's consciousness: the importance of knowing one's personal and cosmic heritage; the variety of "language"; and the continuum between human and animal, human being and nature, masculine and feminine. Tracing her lineage, Appleton seeks and finds harmony of self in poems written to three different fathers. In a search for her natural father, she ponders clues to the sense of his life in a photograph album:

There was a boy in a sailor shirt
and one man
and one man with his moustaches,
and a boy and a dog
and one man with four women,
and one man and a boy
Then a youth in army brown next
to his biplane in a foreign
land. . . .

The speaker discovers her love for her second father in "First Poem to My Father (Stepfather)":

I never talked to him about the
one thing
how I was born from him
how the silence I watched him in
was love for him

But the search culminates in "Second Poem to My Father (Teilhard de Chardin)," the last poem of the collection:

He has spoken to me
I speak equally to him
Again I struggle with strange
hands
not knowing if. . . .

While language has unlocked her past self, the speaker realizes, too, that the language of poetry must convey ineffables; so she "struggle[s/with strange hands/not knowing if. . . ."

Teilhard's conviction that as matter evolves toward complexity it simultaneously increases consciousness provides the core of Appleton's vision and the scheme of her structure. The birth of thought, the creation of Adam, occurs when

The Light breathed the voice into
him, the syllable cell—
They all drew near to see, the
thoughts and songs
that rejoiced before him—the
whale, the turtle, the goose, the
small fly
all looked at him, and he at them
But his mouth was not like theirs
nor his sex
until I was made and lay beside
him

"The Making of Adam" prefigures the major themes of the volume, for the poems that follow it evolve from the organic structure of *The Phenomenon of Man*.

Ladder of the World's Joy is unique in voice, technique, and subject. No ordinary confessional poet, Appleton seeks intimacy with her personal and planetary past, discovering sacred ties between generations, humankind and nature. ("A man/cannot sing unless he thinks/of the first man") Her use of enjambment often suggests surprising continuity, while her images crystallize parallel themes. In the time of pre-life, for example, "The cloud humps over the explosion of light over the water/unimaginable scene. Glory of what is unutterable in the unimaginable scene—the/little wedding bands clasping each to each so tightly, unseen leg over unseen/thigh. . . ." Realizing the increasing complexity of Teilhard's cosmos from pre-life, to life, to thought, and to love, Appleton through a startling blend of imagery

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- **Luke-Acts and the New Testament Church** — Rev. John Kilgallen, S.J., S.S.D. — TTh 6:00 P.M.
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implies, too, the impossibility of measuring off the process of becoming. Even the visual impact of the book, printed horizontally, suggests a ladder, forever expanding.

If the starting point of great poetry is the feeling of oneness with the world, then Sarah Appleton is stepping forward bravely. Neither angry poet nor crackpot mystic, she celebrates with clairvoyant vision the hidden spectacle of the world's mystery. One is so used to accepting spites and snivels as part of the artistic temperament and new feminine consciousness, that it is remarkable to find a poet who meets life head on, to be so free of them.

Corrymeela: Hill of Harmony in Northern Ireland

ALF McCREARY

Hawthorne, $6.95

DAVID BOWMAN

This book has vision. Written from practically within the Corrymeela Community by an excellent writer who developed a sympathy with the Corrymeela idea, it speaks to Americans of a vision largely unknown in this country: the Gospel concept of a small Christian Community, alert to the sufferings and needs of those around them, sacrificial in their love for others, generous in their giving, and wonderful in their works.

I have visited the Ballycastle Center of Corrymeela at least a dozen times in the last four years. "Colleagues from American Churches" an ecumenical group founded by The Reverend Wesley Baker and myself, has sent a number of volunteers to work in the summer projects at Corrymeela. One of these was my niece, Kate Hopkins, who fell in love not only with Corrymeela so that she stayed there 6 months, but also with Danny Todd whom she married a year later. I therefore am particularly grateful to Corrymeela and this review cannot be merely an objective assessment. I too love Corrymeela, its vision and idea, its founder-leader Ray Davey and his wife Kathleen, who have become affectionate friends of mine. People like them are the true "leaders" of the church, which is above all the Christian people.

Alf McCreary is an excellent writer; his summary of events, especially since 1968 and the beginnings of the Civil Rights Movement, seem to this reviewer quite objective and fair. He ticks off the danger-factors; the taking over of the Civil Rights Movement by the Official IRA, the evil influence of the Paisleyites and their leader, who, he says, had "a peculiar fascination for U.S. audiences." He describes the increasing polarization of the Belfast and Derry citizens as through 1970 the Provisional IRA came into prominence as "the defenders" of the Catholic ghettos and the UDA—the Ulster Defense Association—took their counterpart position within the Protestant areas. He boldly states the disastrous stance and actions of the British Army as well as the Royal Ulster Constabulary during the critical months. He points out what he considers the feelings of those who should have been "leaders" in church, business, trade union, and academic affairs.

Alf uses this short history to make strong his point that the media-image of the conflict as a sectarian war of Catholics against Protestants or an imperial war of British against Irish or a colonial war of colonists against natives is a sadly inaccurate piece of shorthand that should be eliminated from all reporting. He excoriates the media-image that the only news from Northern Ireland is bad news. Atrocities happen, of course. But counterpoint generous love is also happening on all sides in Northern Ireland, and this is a fact the media almost always omit. This book is mostly about the hard reality of people who despite their suffering, have surmounted the barriers of history, culture and bitter experience.

Much of the book consists of stories of people who have come to Corrymeela and have written about their experiences there. Peg Healey's son Desmond was killed in 1971 by the Army, and she still hates the Army, even though Corrymeela has shown her that she wants to forgive. "Boxer" has at least for awhile stopped stoning British soldiers, because he heard something different at Corrymeela. A Shankill Road boy found a marigold at Corrymeela and it changed his life. "Such stories of individual kindness and consideration between Catholics and Protestants were legion throughout all the years of the troubles."

The idea of Corrymeela came from the ideas of the Iona Community in Scotland, the Taizé Community in France and the Agape Community in the Italian Alps. "The open village" of Corrymeela, Ballycastle, opened in October of 1965, mostly with workcamps to make a set of old buildings habitable in a setting of wild and unsurpassed beauty on a cliff above the sea. Corrymeela became a place of mutual understanding and the building of close community where people come from all over America, from Europe as well as all over Ireland. The idea became partly a place.

"There was a need for a place of peace and tranquillity away from the troubled areas where people of both sides could rediscover their humanity and relate once again to each other as human beings." (p. 11)

The influence of Corrymeela is rippling out in waves all over the island. The Glencree Center of Recon-

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FATHER JOHN L. MCKENZIE is the author of *Light on the Gospels* (Thomas More).

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ciliation in County Wicklow is a direct result of the Corrymeela idea. The new "Peace People Movement" which began with the tragedy of August, 1976, has again and again publicly declared its dependence on Corrymeela's laying the foundation for the building that now seems to be going up with such rapidity toward a pinnacle of justice, peace and reconciliation in Northern Ireland. It began before the latest troubles, and will survive them, no matter what.

The Nuns

MARCELLE BERNSTEIN

Lippincott, $9.95

LOIS SPEAR

A friend called a few days before Halloween to ask if she could borrow a nun's habit. When I explained that my religious garb, along with my copies of Thomas à Kempis and *The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin* long since had been discarded, the telephone conversation ended self-consciously: "Wearing a nun's outfit sounded like a good idea: I *am* a Catholic, you know."

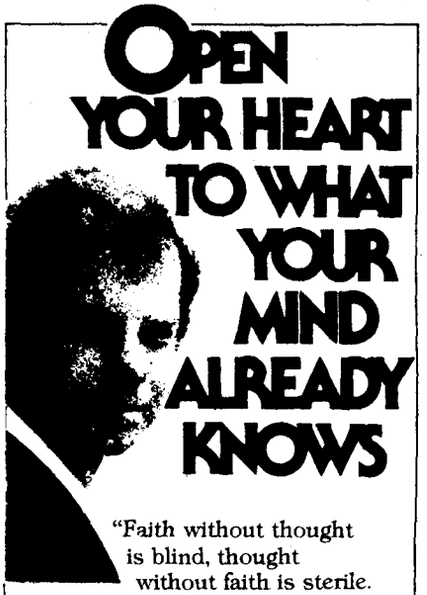
The full meaning of that dialogue would not have escaped one of the Sisters interviewed in *The Nuns.* Speaking of the habit, she said: "It's very dignified and beautiful, but it looks like a theatrical costume." That remark indicates that the habit controversy and the *Weltanschauung* underlying it, chronicled by so many "knowledgeable insiders," finally has been shelved.

Because she is not in the insider's position, the work of Marcelle Bernstein, *The Nuns,* provides a valuable counterpoise: the view from a woman of Jewish background who considers celibacy undesirable. After four years spent in interviewing over five hundred nuns [The term is used loosely to indicate any woman who has accepted vowed life] in both Europe and America, she admits to being "deeply moved and greatly impressed" by the lives of the religious women she encountered. Their reasons for entering religious life, she concludes, must be "a mystery of the human spirit."

One can readily perceive the thoroughness and painstaking objectivity of the study. Interviews with Sisters, ranging from the Carmelites in Wales to Americans helping to organize the grape-pickers' boycott in California, provide a broad outlook on the vocational and apostolic work they pursue today. The interviews are accompanied by a description of the background and traditions of religious foundations. It is so replete with details that, for the older Religious, reading it becomes sheer nostalgia: Phrases such as particular friendships, custody of the eyes, chapter of faults tumble and roll out a rich tapestry of memories. The sheer wealth of details arranged in topical order with scant attention to chronology often makes the narrative a jumble of events that, after the book has been put aside, might lead the uninformed to place Maria Monk in the same chronological framework with Sister Margaret Traxler of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice.

Confusing though the topical structure may be, it does allow Bernstein to pay particular attention to issues jarring religious communities. One topic, celibacy, is handled with unusual thoroughness. One of the Sisters quoted sees the ambiguity in calling religious women brides of Christ. "What does that make male religious," she asks, "homosexuals?" Though making no judgment on the value of celibacy for future religious life, Bernstein concludes that if Sisters are going to reach personal maturity within such a system, it will be necessary for them to live in small, loving communities. Seen in this light, it was wise for American Sisters to begin moving away from large, institutional structures.

The chapter on the "Male Chauvinist Church" which Bernstein so eagerly tackles lets the reader know where the author's sympathies lie, though she realizes that many of the problems encountered in dealing with a male



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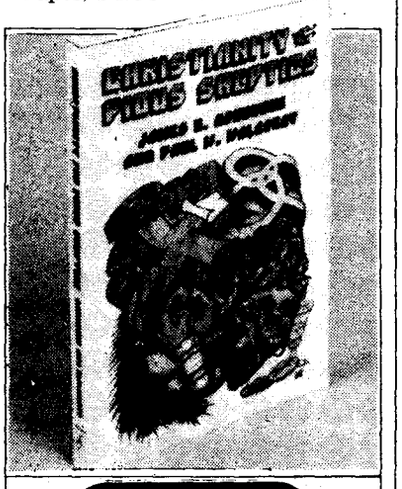

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hierarchy have been brought on by women themselves. In habit changes, for example, one religious superior observed that, instead of contacting the Sacred Congregation, religious leadership should have telephoned a good tailor. Indicative of an interest in social justice beyond their own milieu, many Sisters believe that the question of equality within the Church is academic as long as women on the outside do not receive equal treatment.

Besides the clumsiness of the topical approach she has chosen, Bernstein is hampered somewhat by the outside objectivity she so assiduously cultivates. It makes her oblivious to the inside politics she innocently relates as the following examples show: Mother Michael has been prioress of the Carmelite Monastery in Wales since 1938, she notes approvingly, even though the rules of the order specify that prioresses be elected for no more than two three-year terms. In a later section of the book she observes that, traditionally, Sisters enjoyed the same status within the convent as they had enjoyed before entering. That part of the Rule of St. Augustine admonishing "those who were of some repute when in the world" not to expect different treatment from those who entered from the poor classes was never fully implemented.

Another area of internal conflict that apparently holds little interest for Bernstein is mentioned briefly in the chapter, "Missionaries and Martyrs." Even though aware of the damage to native customs from Foreign Mission Sisters during the late 1890s and early years of this century, she appears satisfied that missionaries today have stopped harming the more fragile culture of countries less developed technologically than our own.

In taking note of the flood of women leaving religious life and the thin trickle of entering candidates, Bernstein provides a perceptive analysis of the institution's future. After recalling the feelings of guilt and rejection earlier experienced by Sisters when leaving the convent, she notes that among those leaving today, the greatest losses appear to be sustained in the richest countries and from those religious communities making the greatest efforts to modernize. To explain why there are so few young women attracted to religious life today, she gives, with little comment, some of the explanations heard so often before: Confusion in religious communities after Vatican II discouraged many young women who were attracted by the stability and security traditional communities represented; young people are used to so many luxuries today that they are less willing to sacrifice; there are many other organizations, such as VISTA and World Vision, vying for young people of an idealistic bent. Fewer women remain in religious communities today, according to Bernstein, because of the increasing number of opportunities open to them elsewhere. In the past, women had few means of rising in a society in which secretarial or homemaking abilities were the only marketable skills. The situation has changed today, with universities, government, and industry offering women crash programs in managerial training. Even if women were attracted to religious life, she concludes, the distinction between a community of vowed religious and a group of dedicated Christian women is so negligible that many avoid the trouble of gaining admittance to a canonical institute.

It is unfortunate that Bernstein did not include in her sampling a tabulation of the age groups from which she selected the interviews. The greatest dissatisfaction with religious life comes from those in the middle age group—between the older women who have come to terms with changes in their religious foundations and those Sisters too young to have experienced these changes. This makes it difficult to determine which group she is referring to when she speaks of opportunities. I am inclined to feel that she means the median-age group whose background most often has been white, blue-collar class. To this group, opportunity might very well mean a chance at a good education and a leadership position in their community. On the broader level of opportunity to share in the sufferings of the poor and exploited—from the women's prison in Portugal to supporting the Black Panther movement in the U.S., opportunities have never been greater. Had Bernstein selectively sampled within the younger and older age group, she might have discovered that, though the membership continues to get smaller, the miracle, along with the mystery she earlier noted, is that so many Sisters choose to remain with an institution showing every sign of slowly melting away. They choose to remain, sensing dimly that the service they vowed as a member of a unique community within the larger social culture has now been assumed by many diverse groups. To decrease in size, in that sense, means to have widened and expanded so that the kind of structure a religious community represents is no longer urgently needed in contemporary society.

The Buenos Aires Affair

MANUEL PUIG

translated by Suzanne Jill Levine

Dutton, $8.95

RONALD CHRIST

In life, the myth of the prodigal son is an accepted guide to judging ultimate worth; so much so, that a famous feature in *Esquire* once advised the prospective college student to do poorly on his early assignments and then gradually improve in order to give his professor the moral satisfaction of witnessing a return to the ordered ways of study. In literature, though, we ruthlessly search for writers who are good to begin with and who stay good. We even ask that they improve and often lose interest when they don't. Consequently, we look for writers who first put their best foot forward and then walk the straight and narrow toward better and better.

Such a writer is Manuel Puig. In his three novels, *Betrayed by Rita Hayworth*, *Heartbreak Tango* and *The*

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Buenos Aires Affair, Puig has shown an incrementing skill, range of perception and control of varying emotions. Looking back at *Rita Hayworth* —hailed as a masterpiece when it appeared here—we now see that it is lightweight stuff when compared to *Heartbreak Tango*, and *Heartbreak Tango* looks like an easy job when judged by the standards of the still bleaker and funnier *The Buenos Aires Affair*. If the promise of these books is kept by Puig's next novel, and if he continues to be productive, Puig will show himself not only as a good writer getting better but as a major author.

Puig's novels exhibit their growth in a double sense. First of all, the maturation is evident in the subject matter. His books have progressed from a centralfocus on the formation of a latently homosexual child (*Rita Hayworth*), to the adolescence and early adulthood of a pampas Don Giovanni, to the adult catastrophe of a couple who emerge from the background established in the preceding books to inherit the fearful, sado-masochistic side of romantic love carried to its extreme in a contemporary society. Puig says that the novels are displaced "investigations" or "researches" into his own past, so the novels also offer a version of the growth of a writer's mind.

More remarkable still, they embody the development of his formal accomplishment because Puig is never content to tell things as they were—the criterion for much of Latin American fiction for so many years—but always aims at rigorous subordination of the data from his memory to an esthetic code. (The esthetics begin with the displacement I mentioned earlier.) Weakly apparent in *Rita Hayworth*, the imposition of Puig's esthetic will comes to the fore in *Heartbreak Tango* and *The Buenos Aires Affair*, where he invents an exterior skeleton for the soft flesh of his narrative, in the former by shaping the narrative as a magazine or radio serial with a climax in every chapter; in the latter, according to the more rigid requirements of the detective story *à la* Hitchcock. This is not to say that Puig writes serials or detective stories. Far from it. Rather, he uses those forms as molds to cast his corny, bathetic material in a form displaying a witty, ironic attitude toward that material. The result is that Puig has solved a major problem of all autobiographical subject matter: how to present it as the experience of another so that both writer and reader can have a perspective wider than the egotistical.

The Buenos Aires Affair simultaneously imposes this strict form on the narrative and undermines the form in order to present a doubly ironic picture. Early in his career, Puig began eliminating much that we ordinarily expect in a novel. Not with the tight-lipped intention of Hemingway, who divided writers into the takers-out and the putters-in, but for the expressive voice of the absent, the silent. For example, in *Rita Hayworth*'s fourth chapter, there is a striking, extended monologue printed as a telephone conversation where we hear only one voice. A brilliant development of Strindberg's device in *The Stronger* as well as a borrowing from the conventions of radio and the movies, the monologue is similarly most expressive in its blanks. Carrying this device to the point of vision in *The Buenos Aires Affair*, Puig writes a detective story that has, in the conventional sense, neither detective nor corpse and whose climax is an anti-climax. Of course there are police investigators in the novel and a murder victim, but they are not central. This further displacement results in a book that conforms to the elegant esthetic of the doughnut: it is what it is precisely for what has been left out, and for the way it has been left out.

Telling the story of Gladys Hebe D'Onofrio, a sculptress who lost an eye in a mugging and affects a Veronica Lake hair-style to cover the lack, and Leopoldo Druscovitch, successful art critc whose past includes a homosexual murder in a deserted lot, Puig presents us with the case of two people who have achieved careers in the urban world only dreamed of by the provincial, unsuccessful characters in his previous work. Gladys and Leopoldo, however, lead lives which take no substance from their success because both, like those other characters, are still victims of the myth of the weak woman and the strong man.

The complex metaphor of the essential void in these lives—typified by Gladys's missing eye—surrounded by an inappropriate abundance—emblematized in Leopoldo's oversize penis—is everywhere evident in the novel. The neutral, often didactic narrator is attentive to all the things the characters *don't* see, the people they *don't* meet, the newspapers they read *without* paying attention. Puig's constant attention to what is lacking or unnoticed recalls films where the camera often shows more of a scene than the actors could be aware of and thus fits in nicely with the epigraphs for his chapters, all of which are taken from sentimental movies and supply the everpresent but invisible romantic ethos of the book.

No mere parody then, these epigraphs show Puig's further opening up to the social conditioning of his characters. Similarly, there is an off-center

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attention to the political envelope of the fiction, notably in a serving woman's grief over the ousting of Peron. In this respect, Puig has taken major strides toward integrating the individual motivation of his characters with the political and economic tensions informing them. What was implicit social criticism in the previous novels here comes to be explicit in the telling of the story but without any recourse to *engagé* or agit-prop prose.

The balance between presenting a unified picture of the world these people live in (and create) and a mere talking about that world is preserved through the reserve of the narrator's voice, which is mannered in its neutrality. For example, when Gladys is masturbating, we get the substance of her fantasy in the text proper—in a diction appropriate to her mind—and we get the gestures in matter-of-fact footnotes: "Gladys exhales a deep sigh of satisfaction." The full irony of this technique transcends its humorous effect to include the nature of narrative itself.

In such a poised narrative, the diction is, if not everything, then the thing on which everything else depends. The distinction between the narrator's and the characters' voices must be preserved with exquisite delicacy if the book is not to become heavy-handed or confused. For us, the problem is all the more interesting because what we read is a collaboration between Puig and his translator, Susanne Jill Levine, a combination that Puig refers to as an "experimental authorship" that brought off *Rita Hayworth* and *Heartbreak Tango* with grace and wit. But in *The Buenos Aires Affair*, where the risks are more subtle, the English text frequently goes flat. Of course I am not speaking of bloopers—that meaningless staple in the last paragraph of reviews devoted to translators. No, I am referring to questions of literary tact. For instance, at one point the narrator tells us that Mrs. Druscovitch could not answer certain questions because "her husband was fornicating her with all the tenderness of which he was capable." Now this illiteracy is easily understood since *fornicar* is transitive in Spanish and not in English. But that grammatical error in the deadpan description erupts from the context like a clinker in a coloratura aria. This is a glaring example but you will find many other places where the English text goes off pitch. More subtle, but no less crucial, is the problem of punctuation. Puig uses run-on sentences for his version of the stream-of-thought. The practice is not exceptional in Spanish, which tends to glide on commas as if they were casters. English, on the other hand, is more precisely periodic, and when we encounter sentences like the following (in the narrator's intentionally dispassionate, necessarily correct style) the result is our notation of an error (comma splice) rather than a response to the clear factuality of the statement: "This was real; some of the members distrusted Leo because of his physical development, it made them think he was an agent of the secret police." These off-notes add up to a good singer who is not always in good voice at this performance; they impede our vision of Puig's progress. Easily correctable by any copy editor, these faults do point to a largely unasked question about contemporary translation: isn't so-called "accuracy" or "faithfulness" to the original text more often than not a sign of tone deafness in English? A quality that affects everything, down to the last comma in a work so deliberately written as this.

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IN BRIEF

TO HAVE OR TO BE? *by Erich Fromm, Harper & Row, $8.95.*

The answer is obvious and easily could have been an article in, say, *The Center Magazine*. In its book-length format, however, it wears a little thin in the middle. Fromm's diagnosis overshadows his prognosis; only the last two chapters—out of nine—suggest a way out of continued "radical hedonism." And the odds that Fromm's new society will replace our "acquisitive" one are, even to him, admittedly slim. There are indications that the enlightened, no doubt preferable, Being Mode may be overtaking the self-alienating Having Mode. Yet, there is also reason to believe that, at best, the turnaround in lifestyles is about as permanent as the communes of the early sixties.

MICHAEL F. MCCAULEY

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT, *by Harry M. Caudill, Atlantic-Little Brown, $8.95.*

We are taught to be suspicious of impassioned rhetoric. It cannot, our high school English teachers say, be taken at face value. Perhaps, as they opine, impassioned words are often used to gloss over faulty logic, but there are exceptions. Harry M. Caudill is one of them.

In 1963, Caudill, an attorney and former member of the Kentucky House of Representatives, published *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*. This was his "biography of a depressed area"—the Cumberland Plateau of his home state. *Night* was immediately hailed as a "classic"—something overzealous critics are prone to do. For once, the adjective was appropriate. Now, 13 years later, Caudill has added the second volume to his "biography" of the Cumberlands.

The Watches of the Night is, like its predecessor, a cry born out of anguish and disgust. *Night* chronicled the causes—greed-driven coal barons, bureaucratic complicity or indifference, the corrupted atrophying of John L. Lewis's once great mineworkers' union. And he painted a painful canvas of the results—the rape of the environment and the progressive destruction of its proud and productive inhabitants. This, we would like to believe is but the past. *The Watches of the Night* deals with the years after the publication of *Night*. "Past" is "present" and the situation is even worse. The anguish is greater because there is even less hope for the future.

One section of *Night* was called "Waste and Welfare." Caudill might have used that phrase as a subtitle for *Watches*. The new book is as impassioned, as eloquent, as the earlier volume. Perhaps even more so. The stakes are so high. "The Kentucky Cumber-

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lands are many things," Caudill says, "but most of all they are a warning."

STU COHEN

THE LOST PARADISE: THE JESUIT REDUCTIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA, *by Philip Caraman, Seabury Press, $14.95.*

The tradition of historical investigation sustained by the Jesuits of Farm Street in London (really Mount Street) is alive and well. The products of this tradition are marked by full and careful examination of all the pertinent documents, visits to the sites, and the use of a crisp, clear and quite readable English prose. C. studies in this book one of the more controversial episodes in the history of the Society of Jesus before its suppression in 1773. The Indian reductions of Paraguay were victims of the dedicated and singularly small-minded secularism of the major Catholic nations of Europe in the eighteenth century. The reductions perished forever, with many of the Indian tribes who lived in them.

It is rather easy from this point of view to say that the Jesuits were so deeply enmeshed in politics that the work could not have succeeded. They administered social and economic affairs and equipped and trained armies. They were agents of the Spanish monarchy. Some recent Jesuit critics, C. tells us, have said that they managed the reductions as if they were Jesuit communities. These critics are implying that the reductions made it impossible for the Indians ever to grow up. One who has some experience of Jesuit management recognizes at least a half-truth in this charge. The Jesuits did patronize the Indians.

But the Jesuits did not exploit the Indians. In their own way they were devoted to the Indians as people. One has only to compare the condition of the Indians in the reductions with the condition of the Indians elsewhere in the Spanish colonial empire to realize that the Jesuit ambition to establish reductions throughout the whole of Spanish South America, if achieved, would have been far better for the Indians than what did happen. In addition, a comparison—which C. modestly did not make—between the reductions and the abominable treatment given the Indians by the government of the United States after 1789 suggests that the reductions were the most successful encounter between Europeans and the American aborigines since 1492.

JOHN L. MCKENZIE

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Steinfels (Cont.)

everyone agrees is the politically significant element of this knowledge industry—the media, the professoriate, and the intellectual elite—the picture is hardly one of "cultural nihilism." Every time someone actually attempts to study these milieus with a degree of objectivity and a few instruments of measurement and documentation, the results turn out to be almost boringly similar. The objects of these studies are found to be distinctly more liberal than the American public at large but by no means radical. Are the elite intellectuals cultural nihilists? A series of studies found that elite intellectuals and media figures ranked "culture and values" as an important problem facing America in exactly the same position as did the business elite, those in the administrative branch of government, leaders of voluntary associations, and the public at large (and somewhat higher than did labor leaders). Charles Kadushin's systematic interviews with elite intellectuals found them overwhelmingly negative toward the "counter-culture" and deeply concerned about the disintegration of old values.

The growth of a knowledge industry and a technical-professional "new class" is one of the most important developments of our recent history. It deserves serious study and reasoned comment. At the moment its status in the public prints is much like that of white ethnics some years ago, before writers like Moynihan, Nathan Glazer, Andrew Greeley, and Novak himself, began to make an impact: anyone (including, ironically enough, these same writers) feels free to toss off an impression as fact and turn a class of people into a whipping boy. Some insult but little injury is done thereby to the relatively well-off operatives of the knowledge industry and the affluent members of the "new class." The real damage is to our own lucidity about society's problems.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 387)

trayed, by the leaders of the nation's political parties.

Few politicians or analysts care to dwell on it, but many English-speakers want French-speaking Canadians to learn English and become assimilated with the rest of the country. This position takes two basic forms: an active bias or reaction against measures designed to strengthen or protect French-speakers' rights, or simply an apathy towards what happens to Quebec.

However, official policy (bilingualism), supported by all political leaders, is opposed to such assimilation. Naturally enough, having resisted assimilation for two centuries, most French-speakers are determined to continue doing so.

Mr. Bishop does not indicate whether or not he thinks Quebec will secede from Canada to form its own French-speaking nation. It is true that most Quebecers, at this time, do not want to secede, principally because of the uncertain economic effects of such a move. However, in light of their determination to maintain their language, and the mixed reaction to this from the rest of the country, one could be excused for believing secession to be inevitable. At the very least, such widespread division over basic realities points ahead to troubled times.

Among politicians and the news media, a prolonged hysteria reigns because 40% of Quebec voters have supported a government dedicated to secession. In such an atmosphere, such balanced, thoughtful analysis as Mr. Bishop's stands out distinctly. Much more of this is badly needed and could only help to improve the situation no matter what the ultimate outcome is.

JOHN HANRATTY

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In the past five months *Commonweal* has been publishing a number of features that are very much to the point. Here are a representative few:

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